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EASTERN COMPLICATIONS.

MUCH ingenuity has been shown in ascertaining or conjecturing the various motives and modes of influence to which the late proceedings of the Turkish Government may be attributed. One Correspondent, who is generally well informed, positively asserts that the elaborate Note in which the SULTAN virtually refused all concession was practically dictated by the Russian and Austrian Ambassadors at Constantinople. The surprising concurrence of the two Governments or their representatives in a paradoxical intrigue seemed to accredit the report of the strange indiscretion which the Archduke RUDOLF is supposed to have committed at Berlin. According to the same version, the German Government, finding that its alliance with Austria had become precarious, persuaded the SULTAN immediately afterwards to promise the cession of Dulcigno, with an understanding, to which France was a party, that the naval demonstration would be finally abandoned. Another writer of equal authority positively contradicts the rumour of any coldness or misunderstanding between Germany and Austria. The coincidence of French and German policy is plausibly explained by mutual jealousy, which might undoubtedly induce two rival Powers to pursue the same course of action. The theory which explains the compliance of the Porte with the demands of Europe by the friendly intervention of Germany is, like every other solution which has been propounded, exposed to direct contradiction. According to some accounts, the threat of the English Government that Customs duties at Smyrna would be intercepted alarmed the Palace favourites and the inmates of the harem, who consequently induced the SULTAN to avert the danger by concession. These and many other stories are probable in themselves; and some of them may perhaps rest on independent evidence. One of the strangest reports is to the effect that Prince NICHOLAS of Montenegro refused to negotiate for the transfer of Dulcigno until he had asked and received permission from the Government of St. Petersburg. That an English Government should enforce on Turkey a surrender of territory to an avowed dependent of Russia is a crucial instance of the strange reversal of all political tradition. It is not for want of ingenious explanation that the present condition of affairs is still but partially intelligible. The invectives and sarcasms against Mr. GLADSTONE which proceed from all parties in Germany are scarcely consistent with the entire concurrence of the Imperial Government in the policy of coercion up to the present time. Prince BISMARCK is not of a temper at the same time to confess a weakness and to attribute his error to the ascendancy of a foreign statesman.

When the Dulcigno transaction comes to an end, the question of the Greek frontier will evidently cause much complication. A concurrence of testimony renders it certain that the active co-operation of the six Powers will not be continued or renewed; but it is possible that Germany, Austria, and France might assent to the use of force by England, Russia, and Italy. If it is true that the threat of an anomalous blockade of Smyrna prevailed over the obstinacy of the SULTAN, the same instrument might be used to extort further concessions. Mr. GLADSTONE, who has always contended that the concert of Europe must be irresistible, could easily persuade himself that the acquiescence of dissentient Governments in partial action was equivalent to active concurrence. It is not absolutely

certain that within a limited time France might not resume the special advocacy of Greek pretensions. It is true that M. GRÉVY and M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE are opposed to a policy of adventure; but the organ of M. GAMBETTA still recommends active intervention, and neither the PRESIDENT of the Republic nor any of his successive Ministers have hitherto prevailed against the chief Republican leader. If a French Ministry were to identify itself with the policy of Mr. GLADSTONE, the assertion by arms of the Greek claims would probably not provoke open resistance on the part of Germany or Austria. Neither Power has any interest antagonistic to that of Greece; and Austria might perhaps, in some contingencies, derive advantage from the aggrandizement of a race which is hostile to Slavonic supremacy. The best-informed politicians may confess their inability to judge whether English public opinion, reflected in Parliament, will support Mr. GLADSTONE in an unprovoked war with an ancient ally. His popularity with the numerical majority of his adherents is probably as yet unshaken by the miscarriage of the Government in Ireland, and it may perhaps have been confirmed by the partial success of his naval demonstration. When his foreign policy is discussed in Parliament he may make a plausible case for an alliance with Greece. The extension of the kingdom will in a certain sense enlarge the area of civilization, and it will not be effected in direct or apparent promotion of the interests of Russia. National vanity will perhaps be flattered by the leading position which England may have assumed in the councils of Europe, and should intervention be confined to a sequestration of Turkish revenues, the enterprise, if inglorious, will have involved no risk and only a moderate cost. If the project tickles the popular fancy, the Opposition will in vain contend that an arbitrary readjustment of the boundaries of States is not a justifiable object of war. Lord BEACONSFIELD may have been a scrupulous political Puritan in comparison with his successor, but he had not the advantage of relying on ostentatious virtue and on sentimental and religious associations. The House of Commons may perhaps be equally indifferent to demonstrations that the forcible seizure of Janina on behalf of the Greeks would almost certainly be accompanied or followed by insurrection under Russian auspices in Macedonia and East Roumelia, and by declarations of war against Turkey by Bulgaria and Servia. In a struggle between faction on one side and justice and common sense on the other it is difficult to foresee the result.

If the almost unanimous declarations of the German and Austrian newspapers express public and official opinion, Greece has nothing to hope from the two Imperial Governments. As long as the present French Ministry is in office, three of the Powers will be either neutral or hostile to the continuance of an aggressive policy; but Russia and England, even without the concurrence of Italy, can easily overcome the resistance of Turkey, if they are allowed by their recent allies to execute alone the decrees of the Conference of Berlin. The union of two secular antagonists in a war of conquest has suggested to some German writers the painful explanation that England, steadily pursuing a selfish policy, disguises deliberate inconsistencies by colourable changes of Ministry. Lord BEACONSFIELD was, it seems, employed to acquire Cyprus; and, having exhausted his opportunities, he made room for Mr. GLADSTONE, who will effect some

other annexation at the expense of Turkey. A nation which allows its traditional policy to be suddenly reversed by a single Minister must not be astonished at misconstruction of its character and designs. Few foreigners understand that, by a tacit compact, Mr. GLADSTONE, at the cost of unlimited concession to democratic demands at home, has purchased permission to indulge his own predilections in foreign affairs. If he is not checked by remonstrance or active opposition on the part of the pacific Powers, he will probably precipitate a conflict in Epirus which will extend to the Balkans and the Danube. His diplomacy has been partially baffled by the Turkish promise to evacuate Dulcigno, which will now probably be followed by performance. It would have served the purpose of the fanatical enemies of Turkey that all Europe should have been still defied; but, on the other hand, the English Government can boast that the concert which it proposed and effected has accomplished its first object.

The Speech of the King of GREECE at the opening of the Chamber indicates, as had been expected, an intention to seize the disputed territory, if the Western patrons of the Greeks should be backward in satisfying their expectations. Although Greece has no cause of war with Turkey, the Great Powers, after their hasty decision at Berlin, would be estopped from objecting to a seizure of the territory which their plenipotentiaries adjudged to a favoured claimant. The Greeks would found a plausible claim on the recommendation of the Congress in 1878, and on the onesided award of the Conference in 1880. The objections to an attack on Turkey are rather material than moral or diplomatic. It is not certain that the Greek army would be able to overpower the Albanians, and it would almost certainly find itself unequal to a conflict with the regular Turkish troops. It is nevertheless possible that the risk of an invasion may be incurred in the hope of forcing England, and perhaps Russia, to interfere. In any war with Turkey, Greece has the great advantage of having no territorial stake to deposit. A failure to enlarge the boundaries of the kingdom would not involve any sacrifice except of money and of life. Europe will never curtail the area of a Christian State for the benefit of a Mahometan conqueror. It is even possible that the fortune of war might incline to the weaker combatant. The population of Thessaly and of a part of Epirus would sympathize with the Greeks; and the Albanians in the neighbourhood of Janina for the most part speak their language. The Greek Government may also not unreasonably hope that Russia will effect a diversion in their favour by promoting rebellion in the Turkish provinces. In a few days their policy will be more fully known.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

IT is for architects to say, and for the humbler public to understand, to feel, or to guess, what are the precise merits of Cologne Cathedral as a work of art. But all who have been at Cologne have seen, and those who have not been there have heard, that it is a building imposing, majestic, and elaborate. The great thing is that, whatever it may be, the Cathedral is now finished. It has been about five and a half centuries in building, which is a long time even for Germans to take about anything. But it is really complete at last, and Germany is naturally extremely pleased and proud at having put the last stone on so great a work. Nothing less than the presence of the EMPEROR of the Fatherland, and of all the royalties and all the celebrities of Germany, could satisfy the nation when the achievement of such a labour was to be solemnized. Everything was done, and successfully done, to make the ceremony imposing. The city was gaily decorated, cannon resounded, and there was of course any amount of military to enliven the scene, and to recall to the gay, the happy, and the tender, the serious purpose of German life. Even the Cathedral itself preaches the same stern lesson, for its great bell, which, when it rings out messages of peace, drowns the feebler clang of a hundred neighbouring churches, was made out of twenty French cannon taken at Sedan. The occasion was meant to be a solemn one, and care was taken that nothing that could be open to the reproach of pageantry or stage effect should mar the stately simplicity of the day. After going through what is variously described as a

Roman Catholic service and a *Te Deum* chanted by lay performers, the aged EMPEROR, in the language of the reporters, "emerged from the venerable pile," and quietly walked to a pavilion, where a deed was signed, recording the fact of the completion of the Cathedral. Afterwards the EMPEROR addressed the multitude, and spoke as no one else could have spoken. For the EMPEROR could not only, as the head of Germany, speak of the accomplishment of a German work, and thank those who in every part of the country and beyond its borders had been pouring in for nearly forty years their contributions to a work which they looked on as the embodiment of German aspirations; but he could refer with the tenderness of brotherly feeling to the great part taken by the last King of PRUSSIA in the labour of completing the Cathedral. It was FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. who, so to speak, invented the idea of looking on the finishing of the Cathedral as a German rather than a religious work. After Cologne became Prussian there was always some one, among whom GOETHE was the foremost, to urge on the KING that such a building could not be allowed to perish utterly. Something was done from time to time to mend here and patch there, but it was not until 1842 that FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. put before the whole country a plan for finishing the Cathedral and making it what its designer had intended it to be. He gave most largely to the undertaking; the nation became as enthusiastic about it as it is possible that a nation should be about an undertaking that must proceed very slowly; bit after bit was finished; and now all the great design has been carried out, and the Cathedral is all that FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. dreamed that it one day might be, although he himself might never live to see it.

A day or two after the ceremony of recording the completion of the Cathedral came the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic; and if the coincidence in time was accidental, there was good historical ground to connect the two events. It may be said without paradox that it was the work begun at Leipsic that was completed, or at least carried to a memorable stage, at Cologne. At Leipsic Germany broke the power of the foreigner and began to be German. From the day of Jena to the day of Leipsic there had been stirring in the German mind a sentiment previously unknown—the sentiment of nationality. The uprising of Germany was not only a revolt of the tyrannized against a tyrant. It was the manifestation of a nation made by a conqueror to feel that it was a nation. After the peace to which Leipsic was the first step, the leaders of German thought turned to every means by which this self-assertion of Germany could be fostered. The past was explored and ransacked for foundations on which the new edifice of German unity might be based. Any one who, any number of centuries before, had done or written anything that could be treated as distinctively German was made a hero. German customs, German charters, German legends were collected as precious indications of what Germany had been and might be again. There was a reign of historical, or rather archæological, patriotism. It was felt, indeed, to be impossible to go too far back, or to try too fondly to make the past present; and the doings and character of ARMINIUS were discussed as familiarly as if he had been a colonel of White Cuirassiers. What was a fancy to other nations became, through the force of imaginative patriotism, a reality to the Germans. It was as if the Scotch readers of the *Waverley Novels* had been inspired by a passionate desire to try to be themselves like the good ROE ROY. Nothing seemed more noble or lovely than the life of a real old German robber. The wave of sentimental and reactionary religion, earnest in the midst of affectation, swept over Germany, as over other parts of Europe, and tinged no mind more profoundly than that of FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. The past—the patriotic, the religious past—became the home of German thought. This past was to be the key of the German future. All this established vast and permanent differences between the French and the German revolutions. Both nations have in the present century come into a new life and been possessed by a new spirit of patriotism. But, while in France the movement has been mainly political and social, in Germany it has been partly sentimental and partly an expression of the necessity of cohesion for the purpose of existence.

It is easy to see how the completion of Cologne Cathedral was a task which exactly harmonized with what has been, since Leipsic, the prevalent tone of German feel-

ing. It was a great work, a patriotic work, a work reverential to the past, a religious work, but one in which religion was made subordinate to the sentiment of nationality. **FREDERICK WILLIAM** was an admirable exponent of at least one side of the national movement. He was patriotic, sincere, archaeological, sentimentally religious, but somewhat vague and flabby. His mind was not in contact with the realities of life, but it was in contact with that poetical portion of life which may, with good fortune and, as in the case of Germany, with an adequate infusion of Blood and Iron, become a reality. His aspirations have been realized. Germany has been unified, and Cologne Cathedral has been finished. But German Unity, which the completion of the Cathedral commemorates and symbolizes, is still limited by the conditions of its origin. It is strong in earnest poetical patriotism, and it is strong in the incontestable strength of Blood and Iron. But it is weak in the direction of the realities of life. Splendid and representative as was the gathering at Cologne, there were two conspicuous absentees, **PRINCE BISMARCK** and the **ARCHBISHOP**. The absence of **PRINCE BISMARCK** was of course merely accidental, in the sense that he only stayed away because he did not choose to be bored by attending. No one can doubt that he loves German Unity, and it was unnecessary that the chief maker of German Unity should leave home to say he was pleased with his work. Yet his absence may have reminded those who gathered together at Cologne how many impediments to the real unity of the nation still remain with which he, as guardian of United Germany, has to deal, and with which he is incessantly trying to deal in his own very peculiar way. Practical life turns on many things, such as local jealousies, commercial rivalries, and social disturbances, which those who were watching the flight of the deed of record to its nest under the topmost stone might allow themselves to forget. The **ARCHBISHOP** was not there, because he is in exile in Italy. The completion of the Cathedral was intended by **FREDERICK WILLIAM IV.** to be a kind of tribute to the creed that is above all creeds. This is sentiment, and, from one point of view, very good sentiment; but it is to a great extent outside practical life. The leaders, at any rate, of the Church to which the Cathedral belongs do not like the supereminent creed to which a tribute has been paid. Poetry and reality do not go together. When the work of completion was begun, the **KING** and the ecclesiastical chief walked and worked together. The dream of German Unity has been realized, and now, when the completion of the Cathedral is solemnized, the **ARCHBISHOP** is far away, and has left his diocese because the chiefs of United Germany and he cannot get on together.

IRELAND AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THE Irish Government has at last emerged from its apparent apathy, by instructing the Law Officers to prosecute some of the promoters of disorder. The proceeding by criminal information is in many ways preferable to the course pursued by the late Government in the abortive prosecution of **DAVITT** and others. A preliminary investigation in a police court would cause unnecessary delay and possible scandal. The information laid by the **ATTORNEY-GENERAL** will also supersede the intervention of the Grand Jury, which would, if it discharged its duty, be accused of prejudice and partiality. The petty jury remains to make the result uncertain, but an acquittal in spite of sufficient evidence would not give the accused a moral triumph; and some Irish politicians think it possible that in Dublin an honest jury might be found. The influence of faction is curiously illustrated by the comments made on the decision of the Government by its most zealous adherents. The first impression produced is evidently a feeling of disappointment that the Ministers should, under any provocation, risk their popularity with the rabble. A strange argument against the impending prosecution is founded on the assumption that a perverse acquittal would render more difficult an alteration or suspension of the ordinary law. On the contrary, proved inability to discharge the functions of government without the grant of extraordinary powers would furnish a conclusive reason for a stringent Peace Preservation Act. Irish journalists who have not hitherto professed the extreme doctrines of the Land League feel, or affect, indignant astonishment at the tardy determina-

tion of the Government to perform the simplest of duties. Like the fanatical followers of **GARIBALDI**, Irish patriots claim for agitators a position above the law. Thinly veiled incitements to murder and open recommendation of robbery are not to be punishable even when they are followed by their natural and intended effects. The protests of lawless disaffection so far justify the measures proposed by the Government that they show the dread which is inspired even by an appeal to the ordinary law.

MR. FORSTER and his colleagues are trying an experiment which will be rightly judged by its results. If they can restore order and protect life and property without alteration of the ordinary law, they will have conformed to constitutional theory, and they will secure the more substantial advantage of reminding rebels and subversive demagogues that they have further powers in reserve. They may cite in vindication of their present action an encouraging precedent. Nearly forty years ago **O'CONNELL**, who had brought Ireland to the verge of rebellion, was cowed, and finally silenced, by a prosecution and a short imprisonment. Although the judgment was avoided through the ingenuity of an English special pleader, **O'CONNELL** from that time abandoned the struggle against union with England. That a similar benefit to Ireland will result in the present case from conviction of the principal offenders is not to be reasonably expected. **O'CONNELL** was old and his health was breaking; and he found himself slighted by a new and more violent generation of agitators. The demagogues of the Land League are for the most part in the prime of life; and even the Fenians would find it difficult to outbid them in appeals to the passion and cupidity of the populace. It remains to be seen whether they will be deterred from future breaches of law by punishments which would certainly not be intolerably severe. Their followers might perhaps learn the wholesome lesson that incendiaries, even if they are members of Parliament, are not above the law. Many of them have probably up to this time erroneously believed that the Government or its principal members sympathized with the attacks on landed property. **MR. PARNELL** has alternately denounced the present Ministers and spoken of them with patronizing approval. His praises and his threats were probably addressed to themselves as well as to the Land League meetings. He may perhaps have attributed to **MR. GLADSTONE** and **MR. FORSTER** a portion of the sympathy which has been displayed with his agitation by some of their supporters in the press.

In his letter to certain Ulster Liberals who had invited him to a public dinner, **MR. FORSTER** places the rules which he designates as liberty almost on a level with the fundamental principles of society. Acknowledging the duty of enforcing the law, he expresses equal anxiety to avoid any infringement of constitutional liberty. Among the indefeasible franchises are the possession of firearms used for no lawful purpose, and the right of warning, on pain of death, creditors not to recover their debts. No punishment is to be inflicted even for the most flagrant crimes, except by the verdict of a jury which neither wishes nor dares to return a verdict in accordance with the evidence. There are perhaps other constitutional privileges which might be thought equally sacred. The right to enjoy in peace property lawfully acquired, the right to walk along a public road without being shot in the back, are liberties deserving of respect. When one class of rights conflicts with the other, immunity from the consequences of crime ought to give way. **MR. FORSTER's** superstition is entitled to respect, both on his own account and because it is really or professedly shared by almost all official politicians. If he can accomplish his object by means of a criminal information, those who would prefer a suspension of the Habeas Corpus will be compelled to acknowledge that they were wrong. The difference between the maintenance of peace in Ireland by the ordinary law and by Coercion Acts is analogous to the difference between payment out of capital and out of income. It is desirable to balance expenditure and revenue; but, if a man's house is in danger of falling, it ought to be propped or underpinned out of any funds of which the owner can dispose. **MR. FORSTER** appears, by the terms of his published letter, to contemplate a probable demand for exceptional outlay, but he is anxious to postpone as long as possible a measure which he deprecates as irregular and anomalous. Unluckily the delay may affect not only the convenience of the Irish Government, but the lives of a certain number of landlords, agents, and self-willed

tenants; and it is still more certain that the combination against payment of rent will become every day more inveterate and more general.

It is to be regretted that Mr. FORSTER in his letter, as in an ill-judged speech in the House of Commons, should have virtually apologized for the murderous conspiracy which he denounces. The causes of discontent are, he says, deeply seated; and in an otiose discussion of the condition of Ireland few disputants would absolutely deny the proposition. But when disaffection and disorder are rampant, it is neither useful nor justifiable to assign causes which will be used as excuses. It is still more dangerous to insist on the application of remedies which have not yet been discovered or defined. Mr. FORSTER holds out to the malcontents a prospect of legislation which will certainly not satisfy their demands if it is moderately just to the owners of land. He therefore challenges their future irritation either against a Government which may not be sufficiently compliant, or against the opponents of a measure which may perhaps be one-sided and oppressive. It is improbable that the Government can yet have determined on the principles or on the details of the forthcoming Land Act. It is nearly certain that English as well as Irish landowners will regard the measure as dangerous to their rights. A statesman who relies on remedial legislation, instead of on force, for the repression of anarchy, recalls the memory of Mr. GLADSTONE's disastrous comment on the Clerkenwell explosion. Mr. PARNELL has not failed to impress on his followers the relation between lawless violence on the part of the Irish and concessions by a Liberal Government. Not long since he declared that the liberality of the next Land Bill would be in proportion to the energy displayed by the Land League during the coming winter. Every beast which is mutilated, every offender against the agrarian code who is injured or killed, will, according to the demagogues, in conformity with Mr. GLADSTONE's admission, render the proposals of the Government more acceptable to the tenant. It is more than doubtful whether any Land Bill which can be plausibly constructed will in any way tend to relieve Irish distress. Protection to life and property ought not to be dependent on possible legislation. Among the worst evils from which Ireland suffers is the representative system under which the demagogues of the Land League are elected, and the administrative laxity which facilitates the armament of a disaffected population. The present Government has been temporarily defeated in an attempt still further to deteriorate the constituency; but when the Bill is carried in a future Session, its effects will perhaps be imperceptible. It is impossible, even if it were desirable, to govern Ireland as a mere dependency; but long experience has shown that it is seldom possible to dispense with Coercion Acts.

FRANCE.

THE decrees against the unauthorized religious orders have again been put in execution, although only on a small scale and for the most part against foreigners. The legal right of the Government to give foreigners notice that they must quit France is incontestable; but, if it was only as foreigners that the Italian and other priests attached to the orders marked for punishment were expelled, the mode of expelling them was very different from that ordinarily pursued. All those against whom the decrees were executed could not have been foreigners, as there was a renewal of those protests on legal grounds the validity of which is soon to be decided by the Tribunal of Conflicts. It is stated that the Government is now willing to stay its hand for the present; and, if so, it is not obvious what it can be supposed to have done to secure the doing of which it was worth while to turn out M. DE FREYCINET. The Government, in fact, goes on, both at home and abroad, in so much the same way in which it would have gone on had M. DE FREYCINET remained as its chief, that it is assumed that M. GAMBETTA must have lost something of that irresistible influence which enabled him to put M. FERRY in power. It is quite true that M. GAMBETTA has been recently made the object of wild attacks on the part of the Bonapartists and of the Irreconcilables. If they have not much else in common, these parties or factions have in common a hatred of the Government and a hatred of M. GAMBETTA, whom they look on as the great pillar, not so much of the Government as of the

Republic. It is also true that M. GAMBETTA has recently set himself to combat what he thinks to be an erroneous and dangerous current of popular opinion. He found language being held as to the foreign policy of France of which he strongly disapproved, and, without caring whether he might or might not be less popular for a week or a month, he set himself to show what were the grounds of his disapproval. It was not a question of enforcing the cession of Dulcigno, of countenancing the pretensions of Greece, of pushing Turkey more or less hard. What was advocated as the true policy of France was an utter self-abnegation, an abandonment of all interest in anything beyond her own borders, a permanent withdrawal of all pretension to rank and act as a great Power. It was, in short, exactly the policy which in old days we used to hear advocated by the eloquence of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. COBDEN. M. GAMBETTA has merely pointed out that such a policy is impossible. France may or may not wish that she had not great interests, especially in the Mediterranean; but, having these interests, she must defend them. She cannot be long indifferent to what happens in or near Algeria, in Egypt, in Syria, or in Constantinople. If she chose to shut her eyes for a time to what might happen in these places, she would only wake up to renewed anxiety, accompanied by a nervous panic and a blind eagerness to retrieve what she had lost. It is the business of a statesman never to lose the historical thread of national continuity. He must look before and after, and nations always in the long run reward and trust those statesmen who keep them true to the pole to which they must eventually work, whatever may be the fluctuating gusts of popular opinion.

The Government has not much to fear at present from either of the two parties which are now violently opposed to it; but even a Government that is not seriously afraid may feel pleasure when its adversaries make themselves ridiculous. The Bonapartists and the Irreconcilables have been trying hard and successfully to give such an opening to the Government. The Bonapartists have been holding a monster meeting in order to get rid of the obstacle that bars their path. They are Bonapartists without a BONAPARTE. The only BONAPARTE they can get hold of is a BONAPARTE who does not suit them, who does not believe in them, and who will not work with them. They therefore set themselves to the task of what an epigrammatic French writer terms despot-hunting. If Prince JEROME could but be got out of the way they might get what they wanted, possibly one of the useless man's sons, perhaps some one else, but anyhow some sort of suckling despot. The meeting was called to vote or conjure Prince JEROME out of political existence. The great majority of those who attended were anti-Jeromites; but then there were present five hundred Jeromites. There was a fierce and furious fight; not a fight of words, but a good howling, screaming, physical force fight. Finally the minority was crushed, and the majority passed the resolutions which were to crush the false pretender. An audience was asked for in order that these resolutions might be communicated to Prince JEROME; but he coldly replied that he had not the least wish to see any deputation, as he knew perfectly well what it would have to say; and, as he should pay no attention whatever to its representations, he might as well save himself and his adversaries the trouble of a meeting. There was nothing more to be done, and the thunderbolt had to sleep in the pockets of its utterers. Meanwhile M. FÉLIX PYAT, one of the most fiery of the Irreconcilables, has been amusing himself with demanding the immediate release of a miscreant of the name of BEREZOWSKI, who some years ago was condemned to imprisonment for life as the punishment of an attempt he made to kill the CZAR, who was then on a visit to Paris. M. PYAT explained that what this man was being punished for was really one of the most glorious deeds a frail human being can hope to achieve. He had shot at a king, and ought to be loved by the people. If his release could not be procured, then M. PYAT preferred that he should be solemnly presented with a "revolver of honour." Laudation of the attempted assassination of a guest of France is wicked, and it is also, under French law, a criminal offence, for which M. PYAT has been condemned to two years' imprisonment. But it is not exactly ridiculous. It needed the touch of the "revolver of honour" to make the proceeding of M. PYAT as ridiculous as it was disgraceful in the eyes of Parisians, who, it

must be owned, seldom fail to catch a joke when it is offered to their notice.

There has been a scandal in high quarters which is worth noticing, simply because it throws a curious light on one side of French life, a side of all others the most difficult for foreigners to understand. We may know in a general way that government in France is not like government in England, and that French Ministers take upon themselves occasionally to do things which English Ministers would think entirely out of their province; but we could scarcely have dreamt that even a French Minister of War would have done what General CISSEY did as if it had been the most natural and ordinary thing in the world. A colonel of the name of JUNG had the misfortune to marry, some years ago, an unprincipled woman, from whom he obtained a judicial separation on account of her misconduct, the Court ordering that she should no longer have access to her two children. She found a friend and protector in General CISSEY, and in process of time got together a sum of money, which she wished to invest in the purchase of a house. She could not, however, under French law acquire the property without the consent of her husband, and Colonel JUNG refused his consent, as he objected to the source from which the money came. General CISSEY was then Minister of War, and down came a grand official order from headquarters directing Colonel JUNG, as a military subordinate, to withdraw all opposition and let his wife buy what she pleased. Then, again, she was debarred by the decree of a Court from access to her children, and the master of a school where one of them was had no choice but to refuse her request when she asked to be allowed to see the child. But law was nothing to General CISSEY. He issued a mandate from the Ministry of War that the mother should be allowed to pay the visit she desired. The letters in which General CISSEY gave these wonderful orders were produced during the course of a recent trial, and General CISSEY fully owns that he wrote them. He has been dismissed from his command by the present MINISTER OF WAR. But what is almost as remarkable as that he should have written the letters is that he should not even now see any harm in what he has done. He holds himself out as a deeply injured man. He does not even complain that he has been dismissed from his command for a trifle. He ignores the letters altogether as beneath his notice. He is dismissed, but he is dismissed for some reason which he cannot in the least apprehend, and he courts a general investigation into his military career. His imagination is not vivid enough to enable him to place himself in the position of those who object to his writing these letters. The power of writing them seems to him to be one of the standing perquisites of the office to which he was appointed in recompense of his military services. The view of official life entertained by General CISSEY must have got a strangely deep hold on the French mind when a man who is not at all stupid, who has mixed largely with the world, and has attained very considerable professional reputation, cannot even be got to comprehend how any other view can be entertained by any one. That this should be so constitutes one of the great difficulties which impede the establishment of a new order of things. Society, or at least an influential portion of society, talks as if it was under a Republic, but thinks and feels as if it was still under the Empire.

LORD JUSTICE THESIGER.

A VERY remarkable career has been suddenly cut short by the early death of Lord Justice THESIGER. He was only forty-two, and had been three years a Lord Justice. No parallel is to be found for such early advancement. At the age when most men of fair professional position think of taking a silk gown, Lord Justice THESIGER had been a judge of some standing and a judge holding one of the highest offices on the Bench. He started in life with the advantage of being the son of a Chancellor, and bearing a name known and respected in the legal world. Everything else he owed to his own merits. He was in early life noted for a combination of athletic excellence with unwearied industry in study. But weak health prevented him from attaining the University honours which he might have

fairly considered open to him, and he was in doubt whether he could stand the severe strain of the Bar, and only after great hesitation determined to try the experiment which was to prove so strangely successful. He early got into large and lucrative business, and when he had been only eleven years at the Bar was made a Queen's Counsel by Lord SELBORNE. From the outset he commanded a practice of the first class in heavy and important cases. He was frequently employed to argue before the House of Lords, and the lucidity and force of his reasoning on many occasions elicited the public admiration of so excellent a judge as Lord CAIRNS. In 1877 the retirement of Lord Justice AMPHLETT placed a seat in the Court of Appeal at the disposal of the Ministry, and, to the surprise of the profession, the choice fell on Mr. THESIGER. The appointment of a young man of thirty-nine to such a post was unprecedented, and called forth much comment. But confidence was felt in the high character and sagacity of Lord CAIRNS, who naturally advised Lord BEACONSFIELD in the appointment, and who was known to be as averse to anything like a political job as any Chancellor can be. If Mr. THESIGER had not been jobbed into his post, he must have been promoted on the ground of exceptional merit, and the profession and the public waited to see whether a singular departure from custom would be justified by practical results. It is not easy for a Judge of Appeal to establish quickly any special reputation. The new member of the Court has the advantage of being able to avoid mistakes, as he has only to listen to what is said, take time and trouble to prepare his judgment, and place himself under the guidance of his more experienced colleagues. But these advantages also make it difficult for him to shine, to make his personal weight conspicuous, and to create an impression that he adds a distinct element of strength to the Court. When, indeed, a Puisne Judge is made, solely on account of recognized eminence, a Judge of Appeal, he carries with him a reputation already established, and those who were accustomed to listen with respect and admiration to his judgments in one sphere are prepared to regard with the same feelings his judgments when his sphere is altered. But a man who has never sat as a judge, and rises from the Bar to a seat in an Appeal Court, can only by degrees make his influence felt. The only possible justification of his appointment was obtained in so short a time as three years by Lord Justice THESIGER. He gradually made it felt that he was a strong, sound judge, and that the Court in which he sat would not have been equally valuable had he not been there. Had he lived he would undoubtedly have assured a reputation of a high and permanent kind, and in all probability would have risen to the Woolsack. His premature death has indeed made it impossible to say what precise height of eminence as a judge he might have reached, but has left it possible to say that he would have been fit for any distinction which he could have attained.

The seat in the Court of Appeal thus unexpectedly made vacant will, no doubt, be filled up as speedily as possible, as term is on the point of beginning, and the Court of Appeal is so hardworked that it must be kept up to its full strength if it is not to fall hopelessly behind. Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord SELBORNE will have no difficulty in finding a fit successor to Lord Justice THESIGER whether they look to the Bench or to the Bar. On the occasion of any particular vacancy there is no reason why they should look more to one than the other. All they have to do is to find the best man. But, as a general principle, it may be laid down that some judges of the Court of Appeal should be taken from the Bar and others from the Bench. It would be an equal mistake not to take advantage of exceptional merit on the Bench, and to confine appointments to the Court of Appeal to those who have already acted as judges. It would be a great pity if the chances of promotion were so great that Puisne Judges were haunted with the thought how they might best attain it. The Bar, too, imports into the Court of Appeal valuable elements of its own. A leader in large practice comes into such a Court with a vivid apprehension of the realities of legal life, the minds of suitors, the minds of jurymen, and the peculiar current of recent business. He has been in more immediate contact with life than a judge can be who has been some years on the Bench. In point of fact, the Court of Appeal was, until the death of Lord Justice THESIGER, composed of six judges, three of whom had been ap-

pointed from the Bar and three from the Bench. The Lord Justices BAGGALLAY, COTTON, and THESIGER had never sat previously as judges; while the Lord Justices JAMES, BRAMWELL, and BRETT had already established their judicial reputation. There is no reason why this proportion should be rigidly preserved. A pedantic adherence to it might at some moment deprive the country of the best Judge of Appeal who could be got. But in itself the proportion is a good one. The admixture of judges rising directly from the Bar is good for the same reason that the obligation imposed on the Judges of Appeal to go circuit is good. The Judges of Appeal are made to leave London, go into country districts, and conduct ordinary trials, not because their presence lends dignity to circuits, but in order that they themselves may learn what it is very useful for them to know. They are placed behind the scenes. They see how the play is played, the ultimate results of which may come before them as Judges of Appeal. When these results come before them, it is often of the highest advantage to them to be able from their own personal experience to picture everything as it happened when the issue was being brought out in its initiatory stage. Judges of Appeal who have only practised at the Equity Bar do not like this salutary process of instruction. They dislike taking work to which they are not accustomed, and dread appearing to be managing a new thing badly when they have passed their life managing an old and familiar thing well. In practice, however, through the kindly help of the Bar, which is always given with the utmost readiness and courtesy, they find that they can get through the work imposed on them very fairly well, and a little experience gives them skill and confidence. There is no local miscarriage of justice to be set against the indisputable advantage of the instruction they gain. In the same way Judges of Appeal selected from the Bar come to the Court with a freshness of mind which may be compensated, or more than compensated, by other qualities in promoted judges, but which promoted judges can rarely possess.

The Government has also another important legal office to deal with, that of the Chief Baron of the Exchequer. If the Government thinks fit, it can summon a Council of Judges, and if this Council recommend that the office of Chief Baron shall not be filled up, the Government may declare it abolished, and appoint instead of a Chief Baron an ordinary judge of the High Court. There are two reasons urged for retaining the office of Chief Baron. One is that it is a professional prize, as it carries with it, not only a position of high dignity, but a salary largely exceeding that of an ordinary judge. There must, it is said, be something to encourage and gratify the ambition of Attorney-Generals, and the office of Chief Baron is one of those comfortable and honourable posts which Attorney-Generals love, as rewarding more or less adequately their services to their party, and marking their inherent superiority to the ordinary leading barrister. Then, again, the office is one of almost immemorial antiquity, and has been connected for centuries with some of the most mysterious intricacies of the English Constitution. To abolish the office would be to snap recklessly one of the most conspicuous ties which binds us to the early PLANTAGENETS. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged, the existence of such an official as a Chief Baron is totally inconsistent with the whole scheme under which our judicial arrangements are now made. An array of Judges of the First Instance, with perhaps a president to regulate their proceedings and distribute their work, and then a Court of Appeal to revise, if necessary, their judgments, is the basis of this scheme. There is no place for a quaintly historical superior person like a Chief Baron. There is no exchequer of which he is chief, there are no barons of whom he is the head. A new Chief Baron would be, from this point of view, an idle excrescence, an embodied misnomer, like the sovereigns of England who called themselves Kings of France long after even Calais was lost. There would be nothing real about him, except his extra 2,000*l.* a year. It has been suggested that he might be made a permanent member of the Court of Appeal, and be like any other member, except that he should, for the sake of history and the constitution, have a special title. If he is a member of a Court, there is a kind of reason why he should be paid more than his colleagues; and it is hard to imagine how the most fanciful of antiquarians will take any pleasure in hearing an ordi-

nary member of a modern Appeal Court called Chief Baron. The LORD CHANCELLOR has really to consider whether he wishes or does not wish to carry out in its integrity the judicial scheme which is in a great measure his own invention.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

THE Presidential contest in the United States has only two or three weeks more to last, and the faint interest which it excited has almost subsided as the result becomes more certain. The State election in Indiana seems to have been determined in favour of the Republicans, though not by a large majority. In 1876 the vote of Indiana was given to the Democratic candidate, and both parties have lately agreed to accept as decisive the present decision of the State. General HANCOCK will probably be chosen by all the Southern States and by New York; but his party cannot count on the vote of any other Northern State. The late drawn battle in Maine was explained by the temporary alliance of the Democrats with the Greenback faction, which has since, through a General WEAVER who is its leader, publicly renounced the connexion. The Democrats of the West for the most part incline to a depreciation of the currency; but the chief representatives of the party in the Atlantic States maintain sounder doctrines. Mr. TILDEN has always been consistent in his support of national good faith; and Senator BAYARD, one of the most respectable Democratic leaders, has lately attacked the present Government, not on the ground of its nominal resumption of specie payments, but because it has not secured the permanence of a gold currency by depriving paper money of the character of legal tender. The criticism is just; but, of the two contending parties, the Republicans are more likely than their opponents to abstain from dishonest fiscal administration. Mr. SHERMAN, who formerly tampered with projects of partial repudiation, has now for four years persevered in a gradual reduction of the debt by legitimate methods, and he has done much to counteract the vicious legislation of a Democratic Congress by checking the issue of silver coin. If he retains his office, or if he is followed by a Republican successor, there is little doubt that the same policy will be continued. A Democratic Secretary of the Treasury, though he would probably resist schemes of inflation, would be exposed to dangerous pressure.

In Pennsylvania, though the supremacy of the Republican party is fully established, the manufacturers have thought it worth while to appeal to the popular prejudice in favour of a protective tariff. The Democratic platform or exposition of policy included the proposition that duties ought to be levied only for purposes of revenue. The monopolists in various parts of the United States have consequently taken alarm at the danger which, as they express it, threatens native industry. The issue of Free-trade or Protection, if it were fairly raised between the two great parties, would be more important than any political principle which can be supposed to be at stake; but the Democrats are not so much in earnest in defending the rights of the consumers as the Republicans in appealing to the selfishness of producers. Widespread ignorance of the simplest economic doctrines facilitates the victory of the manufacturers. The shipowners have lately held a meeting which proved that their illusions are not disturbed by the ruin of their industry. More flourishing trades are naturally still less disposed to sacrifice their interests to the good of the community. The Democratic candidate for the Presidency has apparently made up his mind that it is more profitable to court the good-will of the Protectionists than to consult the general interest. In a published letter General HANCOCK has repudiated all designs of interfering with the gains of domestic industry, and he concludes with the expression of an opinion that Free-trade is absurd. It may be confidently conjectured that he has never studied the elements of the controversy which he undertakes to decide; but on a question of electioneering expediency his opinion may probably have value.

If in the United States, as sometimes in ancient Greek Republics, the political decision were entrusted to an impartial foreigner, the arbitrator would perhaps prefer GARFIELD to HANCOCK. The country is eminently prosperous under a Republican PRESIDENT whose administration has, on the whole, been creditable. Mr. HAYES is little

known to his fellow-citizens; but in peaceful times a President who has attracted but faint notice fitly represents the proverbially happy nation which has no history. Near the close of his term Mr. HAYES, in a journey through several States, has been received with an enthusiasm which is neither insincere nor unmerited. At the time of his election he declared his intention not to seek a second term of office. His administration will be properly continued under a successor from the same State, whose reputation, like that of Mr. HAYES, is rather respectable than brilliant. Mr. EVARTS in a late speech asserted, in somewhat hyperbolic phrase, that the Presidency of Mr. HAYES would contrast favourably with any former administration, including that of WASHINGTON. The eulogy will probably be hereafter thought excessive; but it is not a small thing to have terminated both the conflict between the Southern States and the Federal Government, and the long succession of official scandals which had brought discredit on the Executive Government and on Congress. In the course of more than three years no Minister and no legislator has been accused of pecuniary fraud. In General GRANT's time honest functionaries furnished the exception to the general rule, and members of Congress condescended to accept bribes of insignificant amount. If Mr. HAYES has not had the power to reform the Civil Service by rendering offices permanent, he has as far as possible abstained from recognizing the claims of election managers to the disposal of patronage. A Republican candidate elected in his place will have no excuse for a general change of public officers. The Democrats would, after an exclusion of twenty years, greedily demand the spoils of victory. General GARFIELD, in the probable event of his elevation to the Presidency, has some advantages over his predecessor. Mr. HAYES has been throughout his term of office liable to be thwarted by a Democratic House of Representatives, and in one instance an important Bill on silver currency was passed over his veto. The Republicans have gained several seats in late elections of members of Congress, and they may perhaps now command a majority.

It had been expected that General GRANT, after the rejection of his own claims at Chicago, would be neutral, or would only take an ostensible part in the contest. His principal supporter, Mr. CONKLING, hesitated long before he joined in the oratorical canvass for Mr. GARFIELD; and some of his political associates have up to the present time remained inactive. General GRANT, perhaps not forgetting that there will be another election in four years, has taken an unexpectedly active part in the struggle. For the first time in his life he has made one regular speech, taking the precaution to write it beforehand; and he has done his utmost to damage General HANCOCK, whose nomination he perhaps resents on professional grounds. If a general was to be chosen for services rendered in the Civil War, General GRANT may naturally think his own claims pre-eminent. Mr. GARFIELD, who has acquired his present eminence by political and legislative services, may not be regarded as in the same sense a rival, though he was selected by Republican delegates. General GRANT has published, in the form of a report by a partisan of an interview, a long and complicated story of some alleged misconduct of HANCOCK when he held military command in Louisiana. He insinuates a charge of corruption; but it is safer to disregard all personal imputations on Presidential candidates. Four years ago Mr. TILDEN, who is now treated by all parties with respect, was incessantly accused by Republican journalists of gross pecuniary frauds. It would better have become General GRANT's character and position to disclaim the functions of an informer. Libels appear to have no serious influence in American political contests. They are probably disbelieved on all sides; and in any case no politician votes against the nominee of the opposite party on private or personal grounds. General HANCOCK will probably not lose a single supporter in consequence of General GRANT's professed revelations, but the authority of the most conspicuous personage in the United States may perhaps have an effect on public opinion. General GRANT, in the same conversation, professed to regret his own defeat at Chicago, because he thought that he might possibly have divided the Southern vote. It is extremely doubtful whether his expectations would have been justified by the result. The Republican managers feared more from the prejudice against a third term than they hoped from the supposed popularity of General GRANT in the Southern States.

ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS.

THE *Quarterly Review* publishes an article on the British press which contains some interesting statistics and several statements which naturally provoke criticism. The political and social influence of newspapers, concerning which the *Quarterly* says very little, "has increased, is increasing," and perhaps ought to be diminished. Even people who are in the habit of speaking contemptuously of the press are much more under its power than they suppose. Immediately after denouncing "literary fellows," in the spirit of THACKERAY's General Turro, they begin unconsciously to state as their own views notions which they have borrowed directly from the newspapers. The fact is, that to think on the lines and in the terms of the press is to save oneself a great deal of trouble. Thus it is usually easy to guess, after a few minutes' talk, whether an amateur politician takes in the *Pall Mall Gazette* or stands by that consecrated to Sr. JAMES. Both of these periodicals can afford to say what they think, and to avoid flummery, which is absolutely necessary as padding to spinners of columns for the morning journals. Thus the influence of the evening papers is easily detected. The converse is the case with the *Times*. In the talk of a lazy but moderately clever man you can detect the influence of the *Gazettes*; in the articles of the *Times* you may observe a not unsuccessful effort to catch the tone and reproduce the thoughts of a public not inordinately clever. But, whether the papers lead opinion, or try to follow it, their power is an agent in political and social life which requires more serious study than it has received from the *Quarterly Review*. Newspapers have been within the last five years not precisely the cause, but certainly the occasion, of a great war, and of a revolution in the affairs of Europe which has by no means exhausted its force. And when we remember that, as the *Quarterly* says, any man with the training and education of a provincial junior reporter may possibly come to be the editor of a newspaper, it is plain enough that our democracy might one day be moved by worthy rivals of CLEON and the sausage-seller.

Leaving these weighty topics, which have been treated with one-sided humour and ferocity by Mr. CARLYLE, and recently by Mr. KINGLAKE, we may examine the *Quarterly's* ideas about the literary merits of the modern press. If the *Quarterly Reviewer* is right in his estimate, never were wit, sense, and style so plentiful as now, and, consequently, so cheap. The Reviewer contemplates an old newspaper file with emotions like those of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD at the Grande Chartreuse, "with pity and mournful awe." He admires "the vast amount of admirable writing, wit, sagacity, and practical common sense." "Hardly a day goes by without the appearance in the columns of the daily press of some essay or leading article worthy of a place amongst the English classics." Happy Reviewer, to be so easily pleased! He finds not in the essayists of Queen ANNE's reign, but in the modern newspaper press of London, "models of style and standards of literary excellence." Perhaps the Reviewer, like LEO ADOLESCENS in *Friendship's Garland*, places the leaders of the *Daily Telegraph*, not indeed with the highest works of the human intellect, with those of PLATO, CONFUCIUS, and CHARLES DICKENS, but certainly high above ADDISON and TICKELL and STEELE. We have so often had to protest, in our humble way, against the rowdy smartness, the Semitic luxuriance, the time-honoured commonplaces of journalism, that we cannot consistently agree with the good-natured *Quarterly Reviewer*. No; in an age when a leading journalist writes about "the penetralias" of a tavern, and when a leading-art-critic betrays an utter innocence of the most ordinary Greek words; in a literature where events "transpire," and information is "reliable," and people are "cultured," and even grammar treads the stage with Astræan looseness, we cannot recognize the rivals of ADDISON's sweet or stately humour, or anything that approaches the happy grace of STEELE. The very conditions of journalism make the thing impossible. Columns have to be filled hurriedly with disquisitions on topics which the writer approaches perhaps for the first time, or perhaps for the hundredth. The jaded mind cannot pause to select phrases or collect thoughts, and the stereotyped formulæ of the press are too frequently made to do duty for style. Let us admit that, considering the necessities of political partisanship, considering the haste

and the untoward circumstances in which articles are composed, they often contain sensible statements of fact, or fairly reasoned arguments, or lively skits on contemporary foibles, and we have said all that is consistent with unflattering praise. It would, indeed, be odd if modern journalism were so superior to the works of the old pensioned essayists, who wrote delicately for a world that was delicate, at least in its sense of style. To excel ADDISON demands no ordinary genius, and genius which is not ordinary is apt to look for high remuneration. But, according to the Reviewer—and we have no reason to think that he is wrong—our thronging essayists “may generally rely upon making a decent living.” Literary genius must be tolerably common, if it is so inordinately cheap. “A man who, like Captain SHANDON, can write a ‘slashing leader,’ is able without much difficulty, or very ‘hard work,’ to earn from fifteen to twenty guineas a week on the staff of a London daily paper. These are, of course, the prizes of the profession.” Now let us suppose that a man works for forty-six weeks in the year, turning day into night in a newspaper office. For these labours his wage falls short of 1,000l. yearly. If such are the prizes of the profession, we must say, with Captain SHANDON himself, “It’s little good comes of writing for the ‘newspapers.’” When wit and wisdom are so inexpensive, and when education is so superfluous that an intelligent junior reporter of a country newspaper office may “rise to ‘editorship,’” it is scarcely credible that the performance of a hard-worked, underpaid, and not too highly cultivated set of men should excel the writings of ADDISON, SWIFT, and ARBUTHNOT. Perhaps we should be nearer the mark if we said that, just as there was a great deal of commonplace lyrical talent “in the air” at the time of the Troubadours, so the literary atmosphere is now filled with a bright, commonplace journalistic smartness. Practice and competition keep men up to a certain mark, and our scribes write better, as our athletes run faster, than the ruck of pressmen of the last generation. Moreover, the press is no longer contemptible, as in POPE’s time, when bad poets “sank to the common refuge of such ‘creatures, a political newspaper.’”

But, though the press is not despicable, the leaders of the Conservative party, so says the *Quarterly Reviewer*, continue to despise their own organs. “It must be confessed that the Conservative party have shown a negligence in reference to the press to which it is impossible not to attribute, in a great measure, their present humiliating condition. While their Liberal rivals of ‘every shade of opinion have been sure of encouragement, advice, and, in case of necessity, of pecuniary assistance, Conservative journalists have met with the scantiest civility from the highest quarters. . . . A Conservative Administration ignores the press of its party almost ostentatiously, and gives it neither advertisements nor news”—nor baronetries, nor invitations. The Reviewer adds that the consequences are twofold. Newspaper proprietors are drawn by “a tradesmanlike instinct” to the side that pays. And, again, “young men of capacity have drifted off into the ranks of Liberalism.” The latter statement contrasts oddly with the prevalent belief that “young men of capacity,” willing to write Liberal leaders, are scarcely to be procured. Again, as to the proprietors of papers, is it not plain enough that at least a fair proportion of them “cling to the hand that smote them,” and are obstinately Conservative. The *Quarterly Review* deplores that “the Conservative party are formally represented in London by one evening paper, and informally by another, and partially by two published in the morning, while of all the weekly ‘organs of opinion there are but two which can fairly be described as even tolerant of Conservative opinion.’” These are very curious statements. In the London daily press the *Morning Advertiser* and *Morning Post* surely give no uncertain sound, and, as surely, are more than “partially” Conservative. The *Standard* does not believe itself to be Liberal; while, if to brand Mr. GLADSTONE as a fanatical traitor is partially to represent a phase of Conservative opinion, the *Daily Telegraph* has not failed daily to sacrifice its once loved WILLIAM. Again, the *Globe* and the *Evening Standard* make up more than one formally Conservative evening journal; while the *St. James’s Gazette* is so adverse to all “Radicalism,” and so apt to give the word “Radicalism” an extensive denotation, that it can hardly be ungrateful to Conservative minds. In short, one might say that only one evening and two morning papers

supported the Liberal party while they were fielding out, and we do not know that there has been more than one deserter from Conservatism since the Liberal innings began. As to weekly papers, a large majority of the “Society” journals, and several sporting prints, with others which it is needless to name, are much more than “merely tolerant of Conservative opinion.” As to the expenditure of party money, it is not difficult to guess which side lays out most in the subsidizing of newspapers. Thus the *Quarterly Reviewer* underrates the resources of his party in the press. Conservatism, as a thesis for literary defence, has a natural attraction for most young men who write. They feel that they are on the side of the Cavaliers, of Mr. RUSKIN, Mr. CARLYLE, Heaven, and the QUEEN, as against the Roundheads, Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, Mr. BRADLAUGH, BEELZEBUB, and the Revolution. So one gathers, at least, both from experience and from the rapture with which the Glasgow students have welcomed a recent letter of Mr. RUSKIN. Indeed it is easy to see which is the more attractive side to a young fellow of spirit and imagination, such as probably the majority of young journalists are. Thus the *Quarterly Review*, when it ascribes what it calls “the humiliation” of its party to “negligence in reference to the press,” seems to be defending a hopeless case. There is a dash even about provincial Conservative journalism, a force of conviction, a vigour of invective, which the Liberal press can hardly approach. It was a lowly Fifeshire journalist who announced Mr. GLADSTONE’s election by the quotation, “The ‘knave is absolute,’” who added that the present PREMIER was “member for the mildew he has brought into Midlothian,” and ended by observing that “BARABBAS has ‘been released unto us.’” Can even the élan of American journalism rival this? and yet this Conservative teacher was living in a land where Tories are not only out-voted, but pelted with whatever comes handy.

The amount and market price of literary talent, and the relations of the Liberal and Conservative parties to their papers, are the most important topics of the *Quarterly Reviewer*. But he incidentally illustrates some oddities of provincial taste. Thus the *Leeds Mercury* will publish no sporting or theatrical news, while the *Newcastle Chronicle* devotes four or five columns to coursing, boating, racing, running, and knurr and spell. One peculiarity of the provincial daily paper has escaped the Reviewer’s notice. Some of our intelligent contemporaries, so much wiser, as Mr. GLADSTONE knows, than poor London wits, are wont to steal our articles without acknowledgment, to disfigure them so as to suit local taste, and then to produce them as original. Thus it seems that the commercial have been cultivated at the expense of the moral qualities of some prosperous provincial journals.

THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.

THE United Kingdom Alliance have some cause for feeling, as, according to Sir WILFRID LAWSON, a publican might say, “a little elevated.” They have got on their side, as their indefatigable President observed the other day, not only a Bishop, which has happened before, but also a Prime Minister, which has not happened before, and it is no wonder that they should be high in hope of seeing their desires accomplished. The Liberal Government has given more than enough proof of its eagerness to meddle in an illiberal and tyrannical spirit with the personal liberty of the people whose interests it is supposed to guard, and it would not be surprising if the watchdog who is ready to bark at Austria were ready also to prohibit the majority of Englishmen from drinking stimulating liquors, lest the minority should get drunk. Sir WILFRID LAWSON, however, though he was able to say that the Alliance had never before met in such cheerful circumstances, was conscious that they were not yet out of the wood. He asked the meeting not to be too “cock-a-whoop,” but to remember that, though they had got a resolution passed in the House of Commons, they had yet to get it carried into effect. Having patted Parliament on the back for passing this resolution, he proceeded, lest, no doubt, the House of Commons should be puffed up by “praise from Sir WILFRID LAWSON,” to point out that Parliament never did anything right except by pressure from without, and that therefore a constant pressure must be kept up until the Alliance got Parliament to do what they wanted. He observed, with great truth, that he had said all his say a

dozen times before the 18th of June last. "He himself was utterly powerless in the House of Commons without the voice of the electors; but with them he was powerful enough to overcome all the licensed victuallers and brewers of the country." It is quite in accordance with the temper of the Alliance, and, it may be added, of the present Government, that no consideration should be given to the people who may wish to be moderate customers of the licensed victuallers and brewers. Brewers and licensed victuallers are, in the estimation of Sir WILFRID LAWSON and his followers, the common enemies of mankind, and it is not for mankind, but for the United Kingdom Alliance, to decide whether or not a bag and baggage policy ought to be applied to them. It is nothing to the Alliance that their fanatical attempts at a benevolent despotism might inflict considerable injury on the majority of people; on the contrary, it was for the meeting to "consider and decide how they could most rapidly bring to bear upon the House of Commons the weight of their numbers, of their union, and their energy, in order to obtain from them the great measure of reform for which they had struggled together for so many years, and which now, if they were united and determined, it was impossible could be much longer withheld from them." This, of course, remains to be seen; and Sir WILFRID LAWSON's peroration forms a curious comment on his previous statement that he was not a sanguine man; but recent events have no doubt given him good ground for believing in the power of philanthropic bigotry and tyranny, and in the readiness of Parliament to undertake, with a light-hearted carelessness of the future, the gravest responsibilities. Many people who were persuaded, or who affected to be persuaded, by a passing clamour of the desirableness of giving effect to Sir WILFRID LAWSON's theories would probably be disagreeably surprised if brought face to face with the agitation and difficulty which would be the inevitable result of such an event.

It would be hopeless to argue with people who, like Sir WILFRID LAWSON and those of his followers who have given any thought to the matter, occupy a radically false position and are convinced that it is a right one. In moving a resolution at Manchester the President of the Alliance said that he wished to call the attention of the meeting to the words of Mr. GLADSTONE, who said that he would bring in a Bill as early as he could under the pressure of other business, "and he wanted them throughout the length and breadth of England to say to the PRIME MINISTER that no business was so pressing as legislation to promote the order and morality of the great body of the people. They thought that it was for the Government to bring in a Bill at once; surely it could not take very long for the Government to do that." It is assumed that the best way of promoting the order and morality of the great body of the people is the way which seems best to the United Kingdom Alliance; and it is to be dinned into the ears of Parliament that the Alliance and its supporters want a Bill passed which accords with their views of what is best, until Parliament consents to pass such a Bill, and, in theory at least, the "great body of the people" have compulsory asceticism imposed upon them in order that some of the people may not get drunk. It is easy enough for a legislator who believes that he can put down drunkenness by Act of Parliament to persuade himself that those customers of the brewer and licensed victualler who are not drunkards, and upon whom his Bill would inflict an undeserved punishment, will be meekly content with the measure meted out to them. The Bishop of MANCHESTER, who spoke at the late meeting, seems to have a clearer perception than Sir WILFRID LAWSON of the difficulties of the position. He remarked that they must not only thoroughly educate the constituencies, but thoroughly penetrate them with a strong feeling in favour of temperance, before they could hope to see their Local Option principle embodied in law; and he feared, justly enough, that the drafting of the Bill desired by the Alliance would be a more difficult business than they seemed to think. He appeared to be nearly as convinced as the President of the theoretical soundness of their position; but he said, with a pleasing *naïveté*, that he was aware that "the public mind in this country wanted a great deal of educating before it could look at the matter from exactly the same point of view as Sir WILFRID LAWSON, or even as himself." It is not impossible that this necessary process of education may be

practically of indefinite duration, and that before the desired end is attained the "great body of the people" may have discovered that the present state of things is not certain to be improved by Sir WILFRID LAWSON's machinery. The BISHOP further said that he did not think the Alliance were wrong in throwing it upon the people to regulate the liquor traffic, but "he did say that they ran a risk when they turned to the ratepayers, and asked them to restrain or abolish the granting of licences for public-houses." The skill and persistence with which Sir WILFRID LAWSON and his more enthusiastic followers have shut their eyes to this risk is not the least remarkable point in the whole business.

With the wish of the Alliance that something could be done to stop or mitigate the many ills and miseries which arise from or can be traced to habits of intemperance, no one is likely to quarrel. Their simple belief in the efficacy of Sir WILFRID LAWSON's nostrum might arouse little but regret that good intentions should be so hopelessly misdirected but for the fact that, like other nostrums, this one seems to have, under the guise of conferring a benefit upon an unwilling subject, a capacity for doing harm which cannot yet be accurately gauged. The unfitness of the ratepayers to discharge the functions which it is proposed to entrust to them, the obvious injustice of the system, the disturbances and difficulties which could not but follow, in many places, the attempt to carry out a Local Option Bill—these and other things might seem as nothing to Sir WILFRID LAWSON if success came to convince him, even more, if possible, than he is now convinced, that, in bringing "pressure from without" to bear on Parliament as to Local Option, he is doing a good deed. But he might do well to pause and think what has generally been the result in the end of the temporary triumph of a fanatical party. Persecutors in past and recent times have generally been as sure as the members of the United Kingdom Alliance are that the worth of their actions is to be measured by the sincerity of their convictions; but they have not always succeeded in bringing round those whom they have oppressed to their own views of what is good for the world at large. The Alliance's high-handed attempt to dictate to its neighbours in their own interests is not unlikely, it is to be feared, to alienate not a few people who would be disposed to sympathize heartily with the general object in view, if it were not aimed at in a thoughtless and tyrannical fashion. It is, we may hope, true, that, as the *Times* asserts, "the evil of intemperance is beginning to cure itself by the almost universal recognition of its enormity." This state of things is not perhaps entirely due to the United Kingdom Alliance, but it is only natural that the President of the Alliance should take some credit for it. It is perhaps equally natural that, persuaded as he is of the beauties of his proposed system, he should be impatient at the delay of Parliament in giving it effect, rather than grateful for the unprecedented support he has received from people who either share, or seem to share, his ideas as to nursery government. What in the end will come of the agitation it is impossible to foresee. No man can tell what engines for the suppression of liberty a Liberal Government may or may not see fit to produce; but it might be well for the United Kingdom Alliance, in their present jubilant mood, to remember—if they can remember a proverb which does not seem to refer to total abstinence—that "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."

THE BOOK-STEALER.

MR. WILLIAM BLADES, in his pleasant volume, *The Enemies of Books* (Trübner), makes no account of the book-thief, or Biblioklept. "If they injure the owners," says Mr. Blades, with real tolerance, "they do no harm to the books themselves, by merely transferring them from one set of bookshelves to another." This sentence has naturally caused us to reflect on the ethical character of the Biblioklept. He is not always a bad man. In old times, when language had its delicacies, and moralists were not devoid of sensibility, the French did not say "un voleur de livres," but "un chipeur de livres"; as the papers call lady shoplifters "kleptomaniacs." There are distinctions. M. Jules Janin mentions a great Parisian bookseller who had an amiable weakness. He was a bibliokleptomaniac. His first notion when he saw a book within reach was to put it in his pocket. Every one knew his habit, and when a volume was lost at a sale, the auctioneer duly announced it, and knocked it down to the enthusiast, who regularly paid the price. When he went

to a private view of books about to be sold, the officials at the door would ask him, as he was going out, if he did not happen to have an Elzevir Horace or an Aldine Ovid in his pocket. Then he would search those receptacles and exclaim, "Yes, yes, here it is; so much obliged to you; I am so absent." M. Janin mentions an English noble, a "Sir Fitzgerald," who had the same tastes, but who unluckily fell into the hands of the police. Yet M. Janin has a tenderness for the book-stealer, who, after all, is a lover of books. The moral position of the malefactor is so delicate and difficult that we shall attempt to treat of it in the severe, though *rococo*, manner of Aristotle's *Ethics*.

"Among the contemplative virtues we reckon the Love of Books. Now this virtue, like courage or liberality, has its mean, its excess, and its defect. The defect is indifference, and the man who is defective as to the love of books has no name in common parlance. Therefore we may call him the Robustious Philistine. This man will cut the leaves of his own or his friend's volumes with the butter-knife at breakfast. Also he is just the person to misapply the term 'fly-leaves,' and to stick the 'fly-leaves' of his volumes full of fly-hooks. He also loves dogs'-ears, and marks his place with his pipe when he shuts a book in a hurry; or he will set the leg of his chair on a page to keep it open. He praises those who tear off margins for pipe-lights, and he makes cigarettes with the tissue-paper that covers engravings. Also he will drag off bindings—or should we perhaps call this crime *ἑρπύρις*, or brutality, rather than mere vice; for vice is essentially human, but to tear off bindings is bestial. Thus they still speak of a certain monster who lived during the French Revolution, and who, having purchased volumes attired in morocco and stamped with the devices of the oligarchs, would rip off the leather or vellum and throw them into the fire or out of the window, saying that 'now he could read with unwashed hands at his ease.' Such a person, then, is the man indifferent to books, and he sins by way of defect, being deficient in the contemplative virtue of book-loving. As to the man who is exactly in the right mean, we call him the Book-lover. His happiness consists not in reading, which is an active virtue, but in the contemplation of bindings and illustrations and title-pages. Thus his felicity partakes of the nature of the bliss we attribute to the gods, for that also is contemplative, and we call the Book-lover 'happy,' and even 'blessed,' but within the limits of mortal happiness. But, just as in the matter of absence of fear there is a mean which we call courage, and a defect which we call cowardice, and an excess which is known as foolhardiness; so it is in the case of the Love of Books. As to the mean, we have seen that it is the virtue of the true Book-lover, while the defect constitutes the sin of the Robustious Philistine. But the extreme is found in covetousness, and the covetous man who is in the extreme state of book-loving is the Biblioklept, or Book-stealer. Now his vice shows itself, not in contemplation (for of contemplation there can be no excess), but in action. For books are procured, as we say, by purchase, or by barter, and these are voluntary exchanges, both the seller and the buyer being willing to deal. But books are, again, procured in another way, by involuntary contract—that is, when the owner of the book is unwilling to part with it, but he whose own the book is not is determined to take it. The Book-stealer is such a man as this, and he possesses himself of books with which the owner does not intend to part by virtue of a series of involuntary contracts. Again, the question may be raised whether is the Robustious Philistine who despises books, or the Biblioklept who adores them out of measure and excessively, the worse citizen? Now, if we are to look to the consequences of actions only (as the followers of Bentham advise), clearly the Robustious Philistine is the worse citizen, for he mangles and dirties and destroys books which it is the interest of the State to preserve. But the Biblioklept treasures and adorns the books he has acquired; and when he dies, or goes to prison, the State receives the benefit at his sale. Thus Libri, who was the greatest of Biblioklepts, rescued many of the books he stole from dirt and misuse, and had them bound royally in purple and scarlet. Also it may be argued that books naturally belong to him who can appreciate them, and, if good books are in a dull or indifferent man's keeping, this is the sort of slavery which we call 'unnatural' in our *Politics*, and which is not to be endured. Shall we say, then, that the Robustious Philistine is the worse citizen, while the Biblioklept is the worse man? But this is perhaps matter for a separate disquisition."

This fragment of the lost Aristotelian treatise "Concerning Books" shows what difficulty the Stagirite found in determining the precise nature of the moral offence of the Biblioklept. Indeed, both as a collector and as an intuitive moralist, Aristotle must have found it rather difficult to condemn the book-thief. He doubtless went on to draw distinctions between the man who steals books to sell them again for mere pecuniary profit (which he would call "chromatic," or "unnatural," book-stealing) and the man who steals them because he feels that he is their proper and natural possessor. The same distinction is taken by Jules Janin, who was a more constant student of Horace than of Aristotle. In his imaginary dialogue of bibliophiles Janin introduces a character who announces the death of M. Libri. The tolerant person who brings the sad news proposes "to cast a few flowers on the melancholy tomb. He was a bibliophile, after all. What do you think of it? Many a good fellow has stolen books, and died in grace after all." "Yes," replies the president of the club; "but the good fellows did not sell the books they stole. . .

C'est une grande honte, une grande misère." This Libri was an Inspector-General of French Libraries under Louis Philippe. When he was tried, in 1848, it was calculated that the sum of his known thefts amounted to 20,000*fr.* Many of his robberies escaped notice at the time. It is not long since Lord Ashburnham, according to *Le Livre*, found in his collection some fragments of a Pentateuch. These relics had been in the possession of the Lyons Library, whence Libri stole them in 1847. The late Lord Ashburnham bought them, without the faintest idea of Libri's dishonesty; and when, after eleven years, the present peer discovered the proper owners of his treasure, he immediately restored the Pentateuch to the Lyons Library.

Many eminent characters have been Biblioklepts. When Innocent X. was still Monsignor Pamphilio, he stole a book—so says Tallemant des Réaux—from Du Monstier, the painter. The amusing thing is that Du Monstier himself was a book-thief. He used to tell how he priggled a book of which he had long been in search from a stall on the Pont-Neuf; "but," says Tallemant (whom Janin does not seem to have consulted), "there are many people who don't think it stealing to steal a book unless you sell it afterwards." But Du Monstier took a less liberal view where his own books were concerned. The Cardinal Barberini came to Paris as legate, and brought in his suite Monsignor Pamphilio, who afterwards became Innocent X. The Cardinal paid a visit to Du Monstier in his studio, where Monsignor Pamphilio spied, on a table, *L'Histoire du concile de Trente*—the good edition, the London one. "What a pity," thought the young ecclesiastic, "that such a man should be, by some accident, the possessor of so valuable a book." With these sentiments Monsignor Pamphilio slipped the work under his *soutane*. But little Du Monstier observed him, and said furiously to the Cardinal, that a holy man should not bring thieves and robbers in his company. With these words, and with others of a violent and libellous character, he recovered the History of the Council of Trent, and kicked out the future Pope. Amelot de la Houssaye traces to this incident the hatred borne by Innocent X. to the Crown and people of France. Another Pope, while only a cardinal, stole a book from Ménage—so M. Janin reports—but we have not been able to discover Ménage's own account of the larceny. The anecdotalist is not so truthful that Cardinals need flush a deeper scarlet, like the roses in Bion's Lament for Adonis, on account of a scandal resting on the authority of Ménage. Among Royal persons, Catherine de Medici, according to Brantôme, was a Biblioklept. "The Marshal Strozzi had a very fine library, and after his death the Queen-Mother seized it, promising some day to pay the value to his son, who never got a farthing of the money." The Ptolemies, too, were thieves on a large scale. A department of the Alexandrian Library was called "The Books from the Ships," and was filled with rare volumes stolen from passengers in vessels that touched at the port. True, the owners were given copies of their ancient MSS., but the exchange, as Aristotle says, was an "involuntary" one, and not distinct from robbery.

The great pattern of Biblioklepts, a man who carried his passion to the most regrettable excesses, was a Spanish priest, Don Vincente, of the convent of Pobla in Aragon. When the Spanish revolution despoiled the convent libraries, Don Vincente established himself at Barcelona, under the pillars of Los Encantes, where are the stalls of the merchants of *bric-à-brac* and the seats of them that sell books. In a gloomy den the Don stored up treasures which he hated to sell. Once he was present at an auction where he was out-bid in the competition for a rare, perhaps a unique, volume. Three nights after that the people of Barcelona were awakened by cries of "Fire!" The house and shop of the man who had bought *Ordinacions per los gloriosos reys de Arago* were blazing. When the fire was extinguished the body of the owner of the house was found, with a pipe in his blackened hand and some money beside him. Every one said, "He must have set the house on fire with a spark from his pipe." Time went on, and week by week the police found the bodies of slain men, now in the street, now in a ditch, now in the river. There were young men and old, all had been harmless and inoffensive in their lives, and—all had been *bibliophiles*. A dagger in an invisible hand had reached their hearts; but the assassin had spared their purses, money, and rings. An organized search was made in the city, and the shop of Don Vincente was examined. There, in a hidden recess, the police discovered the copy of *Ordinacions per los gloriosos reys de Arago*, which ought by rights to have been burned with the house of its purchaser. Don Vincente was asked how he got the book. He replied in a quiet voice, demanded that his collection should be made over to the Barcelona Library, and then confessed a long array of crimes. He had strangled his rival, stolen the *Ordinacions*, and burned the house. The slain men were people who had bought from him books which he really could not bear to part with. At his trial his counsel tried to prove that his confession was false, and that he might have got his books by honest means. It was objected that there was in the world only one book printed by Lambert Palmart in 1482, and that the prisoner must have stolen this, the only copy, from the library where it was treasured. The defendant's counsel proved that there was another copy, in the Louvre; that therefore there might be more, and that the defendant's might have been honestly procured. Here Don Vincente, previously callous, uttered an hysterical cry. Said the Alcalde:—"At last, Vincente, you begin to understand the enormity of your offence?" "Ah, Signor Alcalde, my error was clumsy indeed. If you only knew how miserable I am!"

"If human justice prove inflexible, there is another justice whose pity is inexhaustible. Repentance is never too late." "Ah, Signor Alcalde, my copy was not unique!" With the story of this impenitent thief we may close the roll of Biblioklepts.

THE CHURLISH TEMPER.

THE desire to please is so general that people are apt to think it an essential quality in human nature. That all men do not please, even where they try most, is evident enough; but this is set down to their blunders in method and manner, to sudden lapses under temptation, to the mastery of other tendencies which neutralize the instinctive efforts of man, as such, to be in harmony with his kind. And, indeed, we do see this craving peep out in cases where the general character acts in direct opposition to its indulgence. The violent, the domineering, the selfish, take effectual steps to destroy their chances of love and liking; but the longing is there, enough to show that life would not be endurable without the solace of sympathy and affection from some quarter or other. If they have them not, they want them and try for them. There is one temper, however, which does seem to us free from this instinctive craving; the ideal churl never seems actuated, even in the inmost sanctuary of his thoughts, by the wish to please. It is not a thing he thinks of; his fellow-creatures never present themselves to his thoughts as beings to whom it would be delightful to make himself acceptable and agreeable, apart from anything to be got by it of gain or consequence. People of another temper, wishing to please themselves, use the art of pleasing others as among the most effectual means to that end. But the churl's views are narrowed to the present object; he has no foresight, no plan; a stolid will is his absolute master; he must please himself, and the indulgence of his native surliness is the only road that habit makes easy; he takes it because it is obvious. A disregard of the rights of others, a dulness towards human nature, as such, marks him. He is not born one of Nature's favourites; not that he is wholly without a sense of duty or without affections, but he exercises these grudgingly. His nature is counter to the general consent as to what is gracious, winning, becoming. He is a collection of negatives; he is not generous, not gracious, not winning, not sympathizing, and therefore is sure to have the hardest measure from every one with whom he comes in contact—contact, in his case, meaning collision. Thus, necessarily, the churl has no following. He is an offence to the universal sense of brotherhood. Nobody is loyal to him; rather every one is in league against him. In the case of the specimen churl for all time, the "discreet" Abigail unscrupulously adopts the language of his household towards her husband. As the servant succinctly defines his master as "such a son of Belial that a man cannot speak to him" to give him warning of the consequences of his insolence, so she entreats David as she falls prostrate before him not to regard this man of Belial her husband, "for as his name is so is he. Nabal is his name, and folly is with him." Yet Nabal felt himself distinctly within his rights; it was on these that he rested his refusal, thereby showing the leading characteristic of the class. The idea of property, and the right that attaches to it, is, indeed, ever the central actuating thought in the churlish nature. Possession is not realized, does not bring its true relish, till it has asserted itself and become a yoke on the neck of those subject to it. A right that owns counter obligations and involves requital is worth nothing. The duty of dependents, even the affections of the domestic circle, are screwed to the verge of rebellion before this sense of possession is satisfied, and proof given that what is a man's own he may do what he likes with.

The churl having no friends, acting singly in his own strength and needing a field for the free exercise and indulgence of his humour, it is evident that circumstances will commonly be too strong for the unfolding of the tendency towards its full development. People may have their churlish side, may be churlish upon occasion, and stop there; indeed, may be respectable citizens and good men a long way on this side of being amiable members of society. All examples of the class in fiction are the growth of uncontrolled command in a narrow sphere. A blind, ignorant force, unopposed from within or from without, acts instinctively towards the indulgence of its humour; not feeling that it has its own way till others are made to groan under it, and with a sort of conscience all the while that only then can a proper recognition of the advantages of fortune and providence be shown. Those who suffer under the churl have not the consoling vista of a remorseful future for him; for he believes himself to be within his rights, and, being what he is, there is no likelihood of this view changing. He is not made of earth's finer mould; he is thick-skinned, not sensitive to retorts or reprisals; and, having the power to indulge his temper, rather likes the evidences by which he gathers that his will is potent. Whether it occurs to persons of this make that by such display of themselves they convey an unfavourable impression cannot easily be determined. On the one side, they are so odious to those under their domination that it is difficult to suppose they are not aware of the feelings they raise; on the other, we know that self-love defends men from the perception of the most natural and inevitable consequence of their actions. A man may make himself insufferable to the people about him, and yet entertain the notion that he poses before them as an image of power, force, and social importance. That he vexes, disconcerts, irritates, are accidents which only give point to the position.

There is an impression in the churlish mind that it shows to advantage in this attitude, and to show to advantage implies admiration somewhere; it does not stay to inquire into particulars. There is the sense of being a central figure, of having hold of the public eye. The churlish temper assumes that the man who gets his way stands higher in the world's estimation than one of an easy disposition who yields his due for the sake of peace.

After all, these typical churls are a rare phenomenon, serving mainly to exhibit the ultimate goal of certain tendencies, more or less developed, which seem as congenial to one class of minds as a flattering insincerity is to another whose first object is to please. Many persons on whom the taint of churlishness has not yet fallen are still so grudging on the points of civility and social amenity as to set the observer speculating on the cause and motive. To be civil is with them to be insincere. If they have formed an unfavourable opinion of another, on however slight grounds, their conscience dictates a cold, repellent reserve of manner. They do not give the subject of this treatment the benefit of a doubt; he is snubbed by way of precaution, lest the misfortune should occur of having treated with an unnecessary degree of politeness or cordiality one unworthy of this distinction—this supreme distinction, as they seem to deem it. We see persons who value any mark of their approval at an excessive rate. Their conscience is morbid on this point. When they suspect a call upon their approbation, you detect an immediate putting on of a guarded manner, in order that no inadvertence may cheat them out of a complimentary phrase in consent with the general voice. They are less scrupulous when the language of blame has its opportunity. They have a string of superlatives ready at hand for any departure from their ideal of taste, beauty, or propriety. On this point their conscience is easy; but admiration expressed frankly is to them an insincerity, a wound to self-respect, for which they will find compensation as opportunity occurs. Unreserved praise, if the natural outpouring of a sweet temper, might seem an exercise beneficial to the imagination, as opening the doors of fancy. It sees beauties because it looks for them. The tendency to praise and overpraise what is present and touches the feelings is indeed a characteristic of quick receptive natures that meet what is new with a confiding generosity. The critical nature must not be confounded with the churlish nature; but some persons are critical, not from a correct, refined taste, but from a lurking churlishness, that

heart's disease
That seeketh for displeasure where
The intent hath been to please,

and finds it due to self to give blame and disparagement the precedence in every notice and estimate.

Unlovely as the fully developed churl is—an object of pity indeed, as working in dull ignorance of consequences, his life a perpetual self-deprivation of the sympathy essential to happiness—it may possibly be that the groundwork of this temper has its work to do in the world. Certainly the tendency may be suspected in characters which reach almost to the standard of saintliness. Saints indeed vary like sinners in this respect. While some have an especial charm of courtesy, have pre-eminently the gift of pleasing, and impart a sanctity to the graces and civilities of life, others hold high principles on what might seem the churlish model. They find it apparently easy to say disagreeable things in a rough way. Truth, they take it, needs no wrapping up, no softening, no disguise; while the amenities of intercourse are against the grain, conformed to grudgingly, and with an effort. Both tempers have their use, their work in the world. Sincerity is imperatively required of both, whether of the tender-hearted or of natures of a less responsive sympathy; but plain speaking, where it is to give pain, to abash, irritate, confound, ought surely to cost the speaker something, else much of the merit evaporates.

Sydney Smith has defined the ruder form of plain speech as want of frill. "Mr. — has great good sense, but I never knew a manner so entirely without frill"—a defect he imputes to us as a nation. For, as with individuals, so it is with nations. A certain churlishness attaches to some countries as a characteristic; and it pleased him—contrasting us with the French of his day—to pronounce John Bull disagreeable, from a total neglect of manners. "Look at a French carter, he takes off his hat to his neighbour carter, inquires after 'la santé de Madame' with a bow that would not have disgraced Sir Charles Grandison." Upon this class George Eliot has passed the same stigma. The waggoners and shepherds that figure with such felicity of description in *Adam Bede*—the Tim and Alick who rarely spoke to each other and never looked at each other, even over their dish of cold potatoes, which was their usual behaviour towards all mankind—are churlish; good fellows in their way, but backward in the civilities of life. We prefer, however, to turn to other quarters for our illustrations, as, for example, to the Dutch, in whom the quality has been supposed to go deeper than manner, who are charged in the rhymed despatch that

the fault of the Dutch,
Is giving too little and asking too much.

Or we may take the Flemish, on whom we find the Duchess of Queensberry passing judgment in a good-natured way a hundred and fifty years ago in a letter to Swift. She begins, "I like Flanders because it is likest to England," though she allows the inns to be much cleaner and better, but she continues:—"As for the civilizing any of that nation, it would employ more ill-spent time fruitlessly than any one has to spare. They are the only people I ever saw that were quite without a

genius to be civil when they had to be so. 'Will you eat?' 'Will you play at cards?' are literally the tip-top well-bred phrases in use. The French people we met are quite of another turn, polite and easy; one is the natural consequence of the other, though a secret that few have discovered."

We ought not to be too hard on a churlish deportment—of which adverse circumstances rather than natural bent are often the cause—when we consider the inevitable inconvenience which a repelling manner entails to those who indulge in it. As for the thing itself, when it goes deep and influences the character and action of the whole man, he is more to be pitied even than his victims, from the isolation, not the less felt and resented because he is himself the cause of it, in which the churl lives and dies.

A CHRISTMAS CARD COMPETITION.

MR. RAPHAEL TUCK awoke last Monday to find himself famous. In more exact terms, we may put it that the egg of his reputation, which had for some time past been incubating, was finally hatched on the morning of that day. Mr. Raphael Tuck is a gentleman who, combining philanthropy with speculation, has invested his money in the laudable design of stimulating the growing trade in Christmas cards. We confess that we have nothing but praise to offer him for the boldness and originality of the scheme by which he has effected his purpose. He has invited all English artists who choose to compete to send in to the Dudley Gallery designs for Christmas and New Year cards. These designs, we understand, arrived in such huge quantities as to require a very drastic process of selection at the doors of the Gallery, and those now exhibited, although amounting almost to a thousand, represent only a percentage of what was originally sent in. The bait which has been snapped at by so many artistic little fishes is, however, distinctly a gilded one. Mr. Raphael Tuck does not secure his competitive exhibition and (we presume) his copyright for nothing. He offers 500*l.* to be given in fourteen prizes, and as the first prize is one of 100*l.*, there is material here to quicken the fancy of the most sluggish of designers. We suppose that the drawings which gain the prizes become the property of Mr. Tuck; but about this nothing is said in the singularly curt and cryptic catalogue sold at the doors—a catalogue entirely of mottoes, such as "Besser Etwas als Nichts," and "Little things please little minds," under which the beating hearts of anonymous exhibitors conceal themselves.

The custom of sending out pretty or ugly coloured cards at Christmas and the New Year has become almost universal during the last few years, and may be defended against cynical objectors on the ground of its cheapness. Across the Channel, Christmas is scarcely regarded at all, and New Year's Day has become an institution for the encouragement of tasteless display and an affectation of generosity that is quite appalling. Monsieur A. gives a doll that cost forty francs, because Madame B. gave one last year that cost thirty. "Nokes outdoes Stokes in azure feats," as Mr. Browning said in a remarkable early poem, and most persons of limited income are reduced for the time being to beggary. Confectioners offer you bouquets of dreadful painted sweets, acrid to the tongue but beautiful to the eye, as the only present which a gentleman can without offence offer to a lady upon New Year's Day, and for each such nest of spicery they pleasantly demand their twenty francs. In London we simply send sixpenny cards, representing a little girl "mit notings on" fishing in a tank, or three china asters wound about a text. There is certainly less pretension and less extravagance about the English custom, and it expresses just as distinctly that instinct of regard and friendly record of the passage of time which lies at the bottom of all such practices. Mr. Raphael Tuck, therefore, may justly claim the protection of the social moralist, and demand a reasonably favourable consideration of his project.

The competitive exhibition waits for the calm and judicial verdict of Sir Coutts Lindsay, Mr. H. Stacey Marks, and Mr. Boughton; and, while these distinguished connoisseurs are weighing their decision, the public is admitted to the show. The utmost secrecy is preserved as to the names of the exhibitors, and we confess ourselves entirely in the dark on the subject. Certain young ladies who were incautiously proclaiming their authorship on the day of our visit will not find that we have taken the slightest advantage of their buoyant indiscretion. If the delightful little girls in No. 467 were not drawn by Miss Kate Greenaway, they should have been. The motto, "Without haste, but without rest," well describes the prolific and charming inventor of "Under the Window"; but we know nothing. The four striking mediæval designs by "Do well and doubt not" (No. 336) would do no discredit to Mr. H. Stacey Marks himself; but we observe that he is one of the judges, and we are sure that he could not intend to give himself the prize and yet adopt that valorous moral motto. Our curiosity was often piqued as we passed from screen to screen. Certain old hands, whose signed and acknowledged cards have long been in vogue, deceive themselves if they think that we do not detect them under such poor disguises as, let us say, "Vita brevis" or "The Plum Pudding."

We hope it will not bias the judges in the least degree if we boldly acknowledge which are our own favourites. Considering, then, that originality is still rarer than beauty, but that both are precious things, we should give, if our opinion were asked, the 100*l.* prize to No. 292, and the 75*l.* prize to No. 115.

We hope it will be some small consolation to "Fair Play" and to "Pro Bono Publico"—if, as is only too probable, the whirligig of time does not bring any prize to them at all—that they had our unsolicited suffrages. We will explain why, after long and patient investigation, we came to the conclusion that these two pairs of cards were the best. It appears to us that originality, real novelty of thought and fancy, is the very rarest gift to be found among good draughtsmen. These 925 groups of designs are curiously uniform in idea. Some hundreds of exhibitors do not rise above the conception of flowers surrounding a text or standing alone, or containing the abomination of a human head, usually smirking; some dozens attempt the jovial and comic vein; scores attempt imps, or phantoms, or some other branch of what we may call the Elegantly Supernatural. The author of No. 292 stands almost alone in having scorned to belong to any one of these conventional classes, and yet in having succeeded, without being grotesque, in arresting the attention. The eye, as it passes languidly along the line, suddenly kindles at the novel conception of Time, as a very old man, with a burden on his back and an hour-glass in his hand, skating gracefully on an expanse of ice, upon which he has cut the figures 1881. The corresponding card is even more clever. Time, as an aged but vigorous stonemason, carves the same numbers on a great marble-wall, whose surface is already thickly studded with the figures of recent years. No. 115 it is still easier to praise. Where much is pretty, we found nothing so excessively pretty as this. One card represents Morning, a little baby god playing the violin as he sways on a rich bough of apple-blossoms; the other Night, a much more serious infant, swinging on a bat's wing, and shaking a dull torch to the stars. We cannot but think that any one would be pleased to receive either of these sets on Christmas morning.

Criticism, of course, has something disagreeable to say in reviewing the works of more than nine hundred artists. We never saw anything more grisly than the design of a Christmas card displaying the dreadful dream of a lady, very plainly dressed, who has fallen asleep at an organ, and who sees a number of figures, very slightly draped in scroll-texts, descend into the room; unless this be outdone by its fellow, which represents a cruel murder committed on the Old Year by the New Year. We object no less strongly to some groups of horrid naked children playing at blind-man's bluff, and other good honest English games which are never carried on in any well-conducted nursery by unclothed infants. We object on principle to horned imps on grasses, as having no connexion with Christmas, and also as having been disapproved by science. Some of the more haunting designs, and all those which seem in their very appearance to expect the prize, are odious to us. We would fain be enrolled among the judges, were it only to trounce their expectations. For instance, the fourfold card which offers greeting to friends at home, in India, in Canada, and in Australia, looks too sure of success, and should have no chance if we were on the judgment-seat. The smug lady and neatly-shaved gentleman who are drinking topaz-coloured cooling drinks in the Indian picture, and the smiling youths with painfully attenuated boots who are skating in the Canadian one, are enough to taint Father Christmas himself with misanthropy. We are inclined to be less severe with the letterpress, although the cards are much too often adorned with verses such as are seldom seen except in the Poets' Corner of our contemporary the *Spectator*. It is curious that so few of the designers should have adapted real poetry to their pretty drawings, for English literature is full of charming stanzas that invite such application. We have speculated long as to what could have been passing through the mind of the exhibitor who, under a clever drawing of two pointers, baying with all their throats down a snowy road, determined to write the following halting specimen of lyric numbers:—

Rejoice with pure and happy mirth,
And highest praise to Him pay,
Through whom we have a Christmas Day.

The extreme feebleness of most of the poetical extracts suggests that they are specimens of home composition, like the wonderful anonymous extracts which adorn the annual Catalogue of the Royal Academy. Aunt Tabitha or Brother James, inglorious family bards whose works have never been subjected to publication, must, we think, contribute these mysterious verses. It has occurred to one or two exhibitors, but should by rights have occurred to many more, that Shakspeare is peculiarly rich in quotable passages that might have adorned these cards. To mention one out of a hundred passages that will occur to any one versed in our poets, there is a piece by Cotton, which Wordsworth loved, that might inspire a dozen Christmas fancies:—

Then let the chill Sirocco blow,
And gird us round with hills of snow,
Or else go whistle to the shore,
And make the hollow mountains roar,
Whilst we together jovial sit
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit,
Where, though bleak winds confine us home,
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We venture to advise the makers of Christmas cards to study the old poets more assiduously, and not to trust so much to home manufacture.

Among designs that have specially pleased us we must not fail to mention two heads, one of a bear, the other of a lioness (179). "True honour is honesty" has painted some sprays of beech-leaves and sundry butterflies superbly; there is no better piece of workmanship in the room; but these are so delicate that we con-

ceive that reproduction, to be satisfactory, would have to be very expensive. "Garde ta foy" has all our sympathy for his, or perhaps her, three pensive ladies in red (323). "Labor" has painted with remarkable skill in 657 an old fisherman, with a basket of herrings on his head, standing against a luminous bay. "Cave" deserves a prize, in our estimation, for three singularly clever studies of horses, under very different circumstances, exposed to the fury of a snowstorm. An exhibitor with a long French motto (116) has been inspired by Correggio's lovely frescoes of children at Parma, and the radiant blues and carnations of the modern artist do not disgrace the reminiscence. On the whole, we think that Mr. Raphael Tuck has succeeded well, and that we shall have unusually good cards to send to our friends this winter.

LIFE IN THE RANKS.

UNDER the above heading a correspondence has lately been going on in the *Standard* which is typical of a fashion now very prevalent. A. has, or professes to have, a grievance, under which not merely he himself, but numbers of his fellow-creatures, are labouring, and which in his opinion ought to be exposed. Accordingly he appeals to the sympathies of a daily journal and states his case fully in a letter, or a series of letters, which at first usually create more or less impression. In a day or two, however, he is vigorously assailed by B. and C., who appear on the opposite side. They flatly contradict his assertions, deny his facts, dispute his theories, and ridicule his views in general. Matters are further complicated by D. and E., who rush to the rescue of A., confirm all that he has said, verify his statements, and uphold his cause. Fresh combatants appear upon the scene every day, until the editor abruptly closes the correspondence, the effect of which is usually to leave the non-professional public in a state of hopeless bewilderment as to the real merits of the case, and utter inability to reconcile the wildly conflicting evidence which has been produced. This process, which is usually called "ventilating a subject," has lately been going on in full force over the life led by cavalry recruits in our service. The complainant, who wrote under the name of "A Trooper," professed to account for the wholesale desertions from the army, especially among young soldiers, by the severity of the *régime* and the hard work which they are compelled to undergo as recruits. Nor is this all; for "A Trooper" further declares that they are underfed and underpaid as well. The case is certainly strongly stated, and the daily life of a cavalry recruit is given in full, beginning with "the bugle call at 5 A.M."—a slip for which he is promptly called to order by other correspondents, and reminded that trumpets, not bugles, are used in the cavalry. We need not follow all the details, but will content ourselves with the summing-up in "A Trooper's" own words:—

He [the recruit] is during the whole of his fifteen hours' work on his legs, except for five minutes at tea and breakfast, ten minutes at dinner, and the time that he is at school; while during the time that he is at riding lessons and the gymnastic drill he is engaged in severe bodily toil. By 6 o'clock in the evening he is absolutely exhausted, and in the school in the afternoon it is with difficulty he keeps his eyes open—indeed, half the school are often asleep. When it is remembered that most of the recruits are young men not yet fully grown, that few of them have been accustomed to hard work, and that the food on which this work is done is really insufficient, there can be little reason for surprise at the recruit being, at the end of his first month's work, utterly disgusted with the life he has chosen, especially when he feels—as I shall show in another letter—that he has been grossly deceived as to the amount of pay which he is to receive.

We then come to the following statement, which, to say the least, certainly surprised us:—

Of all the work which the recruit has to go through, that which in most cases he dreads and hates the worst is the hour in the gymnasium. It is one thing for a number of young men in high health, well fed, and taking no other daily exercise, to amuse themselves in a gymnasium; but quite another for young men worked beyond their power and underfed to have to do it as a duty. It is the difference between rowing in a college eight and toiling in a convict galley. . . . There are some exercises, such as pulling oneself up repeatedly to a bar, which are beyond the power of men who may in other respects be able to get through the exercises fairly; and to be bound again and again to attempt exercises which the muscles are unable to perform, under a volley of oaths and threats, is an absolute torture. Let any man, certainly any medical man, stand outside the door of a gymnasium presided over by an instructor like this, and he will see in the pale exhausted faces, the quivering muscles, the shaky walk of many of the young soldiers that they have been cruelly goaded beyond their strength. I have known scores of men made desperate by the absolute agony of their hour at gymnastics. Some desert, others grow reckless and drink, while many most promising young soldiers of the best class I have known to purchase their discharge simply to avoid the tyranny of the gymnastic sergeant.

With regard to this statement we can only say that it is at direct variance with all we have ever seen or heard of military gymnasiums. We have attended a good many during the hours of instruction and never heard bad language used by the instructors; and we have seen scores of batches of recruits leaving after the instruction, but we certainly never saw "pale, exhausted faces, quivering muscles, and shaky walk." We have often, on the contrary, seen the youngsters emerge laughing and skylarking until called to order, and told to fall in to march home. The use of bad and coarse language by instructors in the army is strictly prohibited by the Queen's Regulations, and as "A Trooper" seems to be not averse to ventilating his grievances, why did he never complain of the treatment he received? Unless the name of the gymnasium in

question is given, we can only regard this part of "A Trooper's" statement as a gross exaggeration. With regard to the hard work, insufficient food, and want of time for eating and rest, let us hear the account of "Lancer," who writes in a very different strain about his experiences as a cavalry recruit. Here are some extracts:—

We could generally devote twenty minutes or half an hour to breakfast. . . . Everything is brought to a recruit gradually. . . . A good soldier could always spend at least half an hour at his dinner. . . . Tea was at six o'clock, and then the time was at our disposal. . . . I never saw or heard of the "pale, exhausted face, quivering muscles, shaky walk, and goading beyond strength." . . . I should mention that I had always as much meat and bread as I could eat, often more. . . . The men who complained most about their food were those who had been worst fed as civilians, and had perhaps not had meat from the beginning to the end of the week. . . . As a rule, it is the lazy, discontented vagabond who deserts. . . . I purchased my discharge with a corporal's and one good-conduct stripe, was never under arrest, nor had a complaint against me by my troop officers—had a happy, jolly time of it, and never to this day regret the two and three-quarter years I spent in the army.

Here we have an admirable illustration of the conflict of evidence which we described at the outset. Can anything be more irreconcilable than the statements of a "Trooper" and a "Lancer"? Of course we are aware that in a smart regiment the work will be harder than it is in one that is slack. But the present case is not one in point; for "Lancer" gives the number of his regiment, the 12th Lancers, a corps which at the time he belonged to it was—and for all we know is now—well known as one of the smartest and most efficient cavalry regiments in the service.

Let us now pass on to the "Trooper's" complaints about his food and pay. With regard to the former, he says that he was promised, on enlisting, "a free ration," and was much disgusted at finding that the said ration consisted of three-quarters of a pound of meat and a pound of bread daily, everything else—namely, potatoes, milk, tea, coffee, sugar, &c.—being charged against his daily pay at the rate of threepence-halfpenny. He maintains that the allowance of meat, reduced, as we admit it is, to about half a pound by bone and fat, is insufficient. This is a point about which opinions will always differ. In the first place we would observe that the British soldier invariably regards bone and fat as so much dead loss, whereas good cookery, in which our army is still lamentably deficient, should utilize both. But setting aside this point, we would ask how many soldiers on the Continent receive even a quarter of a pound of meat daily, while getting through as hard a day's work as "A Trooper"? Secondly, we would ask "A Trooper" whether he was in a position to provide himself with three-quarters of a pound of meat daily before he enlisted? Be this as it may, we cannot see that he was deceived in the matter. He was promised "a free ration"; the term is vague in the extreme, and if a man of his evidently careful and critical disposition did not choose to make inquiry into details, he has no one but himself to blame. We now come to the subject of pay. "A Trooper" states that he was "grossly deceived," in that, having been distinctly promised one shilling and twopence per diem, he, as a recruit, could never manage to get more than threepence daily during his first six months, and fourpence for the next six, the net pay of even old soldiers averaging only fivepence. As we shall presently show, he certainly seems to have some cause for complaint on this head, but here again he damages his case by wholesale exaggeration. He says that the above-mentioned reduction is due to endless "stoppages," and we may mention for the benefit of civilian readers that "stoppage" in military life means an arbitrary, enforced deduction of pay by order of the Government or military authorities. Here are some of the so-called "stoppages" of which the "Trooper" complains—"fourpence per month to the library," the said subscription being a purely voluntary affair; "fourpence per month to the sweeper who looks after the latrines, &c.," no such stoppage being sanctioned by any existing rule or regulation; "twopence per week for mending to the washerwoman, who, it is often suspected, makes holes in order to darn them"—which raises the question, why does not the "Trooper" do his own darning? At any rate there is no order recognizing or enforcing such a charge. He estimates his share of barrack damages at one penny a day, which is simply preposterous. At this rate a regiment five hundred strong would pay annually seven hundred and fifty pounds for barrack damages. We should say that fifty pounds would be nearer the mark, and in some regiments even that would be considered high.

He also complains that "there are his shirts, stockings, and necessities, his stable tools, brushes, currycombs, and sponges, to be renewed as they are worn out or lost, and how these things disappear and have to be replaced, especially when the property of a recruit, I shall advert to in another letter." With regard to shirts and personal necessities, we can only say that every article of this description issued to a soldier is, or should be, distinctly marked with the owner's regimental number, and that any soldier appropriating them renders himself liable to serious consequences. We are quite aware that currycombs and brushes, &c., are frequently used by men who have lost or mislaid their own, and thus do not last the appointed time. These articles are, however, issued gratuitously, and the Government has a right to expect that they shall last a certain time, at the end of which they are replaced gratuitously. If, therefore, they are worn out or lost before that period has expired, the fault lies with the regiment. We strongly suspect that this is a case which occurs in all large stables, military or civil; and, although our "Trooper" may have some

cause for complaint, he should try to remember that "there is a great deal of human nature in the world," and to learn to fight his own battles. Still, deducting all these, there yet remains a goodly list of stoppages, such as the canvas suits worn in stables, cloth jackets and shoes, amounting to a shilling a week or more. We may sum up the whole case as follows:—"A Trooper" was promised one shilling and twopence a day, from which about sixpence, or possibly sevenpence, a day is undoubtedly stopped, partly to supplement his rations and partly for clothing, thus leaving him only some sevenpence or eightpence a day clear. The promise made by the Government through its recruiting agent can therefore hardly be said to be fulfilled; and there can be no doubt that, however necessary these stoppages may be, they should be fully stated to an intending recruit. We notice that a Horse Guards' order has just appeared forbidding recruits to be sent to the gymnasium until after they have passed their drill.

CATTLE-BREEDING ABROAD.

CATTLE-BREEDING has had a considerable past, and is sure to have a great future. The world must be fed somehow; and with the progress of colonization and the development of communications the supply of "butcher's meat" constantly strives to keep pace with the increasing demand. The day may come when the well-to-do peasant, instead of being content with an occasional scrap of bacon, although he may not have a fowl boiling in the pot, will have a piece of preserved beef in the cupboard. "Tinning," "canning," "refrigerating," cattle steamers with capacious holds, and cattle trains with water-troughs and fodder-racks, are all tending in that direction. There are boundless pastures in the other hemisphere that rear countless herds of horned beasts, which, where they do not roam masterless and run to waste, are killed down for the sake of the hides and tallow; and these herds are capable of almost indefinite increase. The growth of the cattle trade encourages the construction of railways that can be laid at a wonderfully cheap rate across pampas or llanos; and the making of those railways again carries townships and villages far out into the wilderness. Future travellers who may take "circular tickets" good for flying tours through the republics of South America will look out of the carriage-windows on something like Broddingnagian Dutch landscapes, with the cattle and the fenceless extent of pasture, though without the excessive moisture. There will, indeed, be no dykes or canals cutting up the country into cramped enclosures; but, on the other hand, there will be everywhere such vast herds of long-horned, wild-eyed oxen as a Paul Potter would delight to paint, standing up to the hocks in rank herbage, and showing the richness of the grasses by their sleek condition. At each siding by the stations on these prairie railways will be great cattle-yards where the bellowing animals will be penned in readiness for transport; while every here and there the clear atmosphere will be clouded with the smoke of "saladeros," established for killing and curing. This is a dream of the more or less distant future, and no doubt there may be drawbacks to the development of the cattle speculation, although the average profits will be safe enough in the long run. There are dark spots even on the rosy horizon of those lucky agriculturists who scratch the fat loam of the Northern prairies, making them smile with what should always be abundant harvests. Flies and beetles and droughts may damage the growing crops, while flights of locusts will come out of the West destroying every green thing before them. So, likewise, as we learn from a telegram which reached England from Buenos Ayres this week, and which indeed suggested the present remarks, the South American cattle-breeder may occasionally experience most unexpected disaster. We are told of a fearful snow-storm which raged three days and three nights, destroying 700,000 cattle, 500,000 sheep, and 250,000 horses. The symmetry of the numbers given is somewhat suspicious, and we may safely assume that the losses have been exaggerated. Nevertheless, when all possible allowances have been made, we may well believe that the storm was "terrific." But calamities of the kind are exceptional, and, as a rule, the occupation of cattle-rearing in those parts is a pursuit that is not only profitable but pleasant for a man who feels independent of the gaieties of society and does not object to roughing it in moderation.

There must be a great deal of adventurous romance in the life of the cattle-breeder, whether he goes to seek his fortune in the South American States or in our Australian colonies, which are the most inviting fields for his enterprise. We say nothing of Texas as an opening for a young man; for, although we are aware that Englishmen have made desultory efforts in that direction, we believe they have seldom come back with money, or with a favourable report of the land. Texas, especially in the border districts, associates itself still with roughs, revolvers, "regulators," "border ruffians," and Mexican raids; and it is certain that even the citizens in the more law-abiding settlements show themselves somewhat jealous of the Transatlantic intruder. Should the adventurer betake himself with his capital and energy to the Argentine Republic, he will be received with no unfriendly feelings. There is room for everybody as yet, though the tide of emigration is setting steadily thither, and we believe that there are ten or a dozen Ocean Steam Companies which pay their shareholders satisfactory dividends. The bulk of these European emigrants are Italians, who, having nothing but their time and

thrift to trade with, settle down to various occupations in the towns. The Englishmen invariably go further afield, turning their attention to sheep and cattle. We take for granted that the new comer will serve an apprenticeship at some *estancia* before setting up on his own account. Once having invested in flocks and herds, his existence becomes in many respects patriarchal, save that he is not nomadic in his habits and does not live under tents. With mud from the plains, wattled from the reed beds, he erects the rude buildings of his own *estancia*, for there are no stones and there is no timber. There is a great *corral*, which encloses his cattle-yards, and which will probably be loop-holed for defence, should he be anywhere within reach of the Indians. Neighbours he may be said to have none; for his hopes of a handsome fortune can only be realized in the enjoyment of ample elbow-room. It is a long ride over the wilds to the nearest settlement, and then the chances are that its occupants are of a different race, faith, and language from his own, and very far from being congenial spirits. The Englishman lives among his own people and dependents, dealing out a rough-and-ready justice among them, since it is seldom possible to have recourse to the law or its ministers. If he has the gifts of organization, persuasion, and command, he is likely to do well and to enjoy existence. Should he be deficient in these indispensable qualities, he will probably fritter away his money and have to renounce the enterprise in despair. He goes to bed and gets up early; he passes the best part of each day in the saddle; and he shares the coarse, but substantial, fare of his *peones* and *guachos*. But, on the other hand, he is certain to have magnificent health; with constant and violent exercise in a warm climate he trains down into a mass of bone and sinew, becoming capable of extraordinary toil with hardly the consciousness of effort; and at night, after setting indigestion at defiance over supper, he throws himself down on his truckle bed, to sleep the untroubled sleep of the weary. It might be supposed that the loneliness of the life would pall on one who has been brought up in an overcrowded old country. As a matter of fact, however, if a man has been following a natural bent for adventure, it is usually found that he positively falls in love with solitude. Those bare, boundless plains are said to have a growing and inexplicable fascination for people who have once accustomed themselves to their desolation and their silence. And the enjoyment of perfect health is a priceless boon, after all; while, as we have said, the climate of the pampas is perhaps one of the most healthy in the world. The air is singularly pure and invigorating; there is comparatively little wind, and only sufficient rain to preserve, season after season, the freshness and luxuriance of the herbage; while the winters are usually both short and mild, which makes the snowstorm that has just been telegraphed the more astounding. As for sports and recreations, the *estanciero* finds his amusement in his work, though he may occasionally take a turn among the winged game with his gun or go after the prowling jaguar with the rifle. Going to school among the *guachos*—and perhaps there are no more accomplished rough-riders in the world—he learns to sit anything in the shape of a horse; and we need hardly say that his stud is unlimited.

The habits and prospects of the cattle-rearer in Australia are not very dissimilar, though of course he lives in a more settled society and several degrees nearer civilization. Unless he is established on some out-of-the-way run and on the very outskirts of the back settlements, he visits and is visited by friends and countrymen; and he has always the means of offering his guests a decent hospitality. The drays have fetched supplies from the distant grocery stores along the rough tracks through the forest, and he has many a pleasant chat about home and old times over the social pipe and glass after the evening meal. His house is built of solid timber and shingles, and designed after an English cottage orné, with broad verandahs for shelter and by way of decoration. Sometimes it is furnished comfortably and almost luxuriously. Possibly he indulges himself annually with a "season in town," where, as a member of the fashionable club, with a handsome credit at his banker's, he does his best to efface the memory of past hardships. And these hardships are real enough to give an agreeable zest to subsequent relaxation, though they have been sweetened by the sense of successful exertion and by the zeal which he brings to his every-day vocations. "Sweetened by success," we have said; but of course there may be another side to the picture. Nor is it easy to imagine anything more depressing than the isolated life of a squatter who has to bear up against a train of misfortunes, when he feels that he has struck a lasting vein of ill luck, and that there is nothing for it but dogged, though almost hopeless, endurance. We have heard only too often of hard-working men who have seen their herds perishing rapidly with contagious disease, or scared into the bush by marauding "black fellows"; who have seen their springs give out and their streams dry up, or their hands strike for an unreasonable advance of wages, and leave them; who may have finally fallen ill, worn out with fatigue and prolonged anxiety, and, when they should have had perfect quiet and skilful medical attendance, have lain tossing on their beds in delirious semi-consciousness, knowing that everything was going to wreck and ruin. Any speculative adventurer may have the luck set against him, and occasionally there are bad times in the colony, when the squatters are parting with their produce in falling markets, and the whole squatting interest seems "going to the dogs." As a rule, however, with health, industry, and good temper, a little money and moderate judgment, a man is almost sure to make his way. Should he have fortune to back him, with an instinct for opportunities, he may not only attain to a com-

petency, but become a capitalist of immense wealth. And when he has climbed high up the tree or got near the top of it in middle age, we can imagine few positions more enviable. He has a domain like the principality of some petty German potentate, rich and well-watered as the vale of Sodom when it was grazed by the flocks of the Hebrew patriarchs before the destruction of the Cities of the Plain. He has his own system of streams and lakes, enriching a vast natural park with magnificent groups of gigantic forest timber. If he wants exercise, he has only to chase his kangaroos over a very fine hunting country, though there are water-courses enough, with a sufficiency of fallen trees, to put both horse and horseman much on their mettle. Still more exciting, and with a dash of danger besides—for hunted cattle will turn to charge—are those long, hard gallops in the way of business, when you are running some stranger beasts out of a "mob" of your own animals, or rushing a herd home to the stock-yard. When once a man has habituated himself to the piquant sweets of an existence which blends in very seductive proportions the pleasures of savage and of civilized life, we are only surprised that he can ever be tempted to quit them for the tame obscurity of a residence in England.

PERRAUD AT LONS-LE-SAULNIER.

LONS-LE-SAULNIER is one of those French provincial towns which owe all the little importance they possess to the accident that in 1790 they were chosen as the capitals of their respective departments. The Jura contained one town of considerable population and historic repute, but Dôle was too remote to form a convenient chief town. St. Claude, again, although the seat of a bishopric, was rejected for the same reason; and so Lons-le-Saulnier, though without any very prominent claim to the honour, was selected on account of its central position. It will never be a very important or a very busy town. The river on which it is situated, the Vallière, is one of the turbid torrents which eventually swell the Saône, but which are of no commercial value whatever to the towns through which they hasten. With all the encouragement which is given to a town in France by its being the seat of a prefect, Lons-le-Saulnier barely contrives to collect within it a population of ten thousand souls. It lies clustered in a broad hollow among the low spurs thrown out by the Jura just before the land sinks into the dead level of the Bresse. From the highest of the hills which surround the place the visitor gains a characteristic and beautiful view, not only of the vine-clad sides of the nest in which the white and red town seems to lie asleep, but also of the vast plains to the south, and the line of the Jura itself to the east. But neither the tourist nor the archaeologist is likely to make Lons-le-Saulnier the object of a special visit in the midst of a region so full of historical interest and of exquisite scenery as the Franche-Comté. If the lover of the picturesque finds his way to it at all, it must be that he may make an excursion thence to the romantic gorge of Baumeles-Messieurs, and the pilgrim of history that he may visit the birthplace of Rouget de l'Isle, close by at Montaigny. The only stranger to whom it can ever seem worth while to come to Lons-le-Saulnier is the student of modern sculpture, but to him the little town is of extraordinary interest.

We do not know under whose auspices, or in obedience to the instinct of what enlightened citizen, Lons-le-Saulnier has become in so singular a manner the patron of modern plastic art. The process of adorning the streets and squares with good statues seems to date from about forty years ago. The elegant figure of Hebe, by Forestier, in the Place de l'Hôpital, was placed there, it would seem, in 1841; the bronze of the Venus de Medicis, in the Place de la Paix, is dated 1844. Not one of the open spaces which diversify the well-built little town but has some curious or interesting work in sculpture. The Grande Place, the centre of what little stir and bustle may animate the town, is adorned by a remarkably graceful monument, surmounted by one of the masterpieces of Étex—his bronze statue of the revolutionary General Lecourbe, who died in 1815. In front of the hospital a bronze bust of Bichat, very fine in colour, gives a pleasing example of the dignified art of Huguenin. Nor does this list by any means exhaust the catalogue of noticeable works in sculpture preserved out of doors by the town of Lons-le-Saulnier. To this must be added the far more interesting collection within the walls of the local Museum at the Hôtel de Ville, a collection which has of late been so widely extended as to claim note even in France, where the provincial museums are so generously encouraged as well by the municipalities as by the State. It is in sculpture here, also, that Lons-le-Saulnier is rich. The collection of pictures includes two remarkable Breughels, but is otherwise barely respectable; while the sculpture, besides the special exhibition on which we are about to dilate, contains noticeable works, such as Clodion's bas-relief of "Ariadne," David d'Angers's head of Rouget de l'Isle, and Huguenin's statue of Antide Janvier, which no lover of sculpture will be sorry to see. The real attraction, however, of Lons-le-Saulnier to the art student is the newly-arranged collection of the entire works of Joseph Perraud.

The name of Perraud is perhaps most obviously brought before an Englishman in France by the group of his which has the misfortune to support that of Carpeaux on the right-hand side of the façade of the Opera House in Paris. Every one remembers

the Spirit of the Dance, standing erect and ardent in the circle of the mad Bacchantes. Few productions of modern sculpture have arrested popular attention so thoroughly as this vehement, and even scandalous, group by Carpeaux. Its fellows on the façade have suffered from its success. The mad energy, the frantic and boisterous realism of the "Dance," excite the eye and make the productions of a graver artist seem cold and dull. In Perraud's group a serious winged figure of the Lyrical Drama treads Discord under foot, and demands neither the praise nor the blame that fall to the lot of Carpeaux. It is not within the disturbing circle of Carpeaux's somewhat diabolic witchery that the eye can do justice to such quiet work as Perraud's. At Lons-le-Saulnier, in the fine rooms which the municipality has dedicated to his works, we can form a far truer estimate of the genius of one of the most gifted of modern sculptors. Meanwhile, all honour be done to this little town, with its curious love of statuary, the explanation of which one would be glad to know. The collection, so far from being forced upon Lons-le-Saulnier, was originally offered, it seems, to another town of the Franche-Comté, and secured by the little capital of the Jura only through the exercise of considerable energy and promptitude.

Joseph Perraud was Franc-Comtois by birth and descent. He was the son of a humble *vigneron* of the village of Monay, near Poligny, and there he was born on the 26th of April, 1819. Weak in health from his birth, he found the labour in the vines exceedingly painful; his feeble shoulders tottered under the weight of the hod. But there was no other employment to be found in the commune; and, when he made up his mind to be an artist—for he had a strong bias in that direction from childhood—his father apprenticed him to a carver in the neighbouring town of Salins. His sufferings and his struggles are touchingly described in the biography which one of his pupils has dedicated to his memory since his death in 1876, and to which we are indebted for these details (*Perraud et son œuvre*. Par Max Claudet. Paris: Sandoz). At last, at the age of twenty, he ran away from his tyrannical master; and, after working awhile with an ebony-carver at Pontarlier, found his way to Lyons, and then to Paris. In the shop at Salins he had learned the rudiments of his craft, and in Paris he worked so steadily and with so much talent that in 1847 he won the *prix de Rome*, and was able to spend five years of study in Italy. The first work he completed in Rome was his bas-relief of the "Adieux," originally exhibited in plaster in 1848, and not again until, in marble, it was shown at the Salon of 1877, immediately after the master's death. It is described as full of charm and Attic grace in its original cast; unfortunately Perraud retouched it again and again, until its final form is by no means worthy of his name.

When Perraud came back to France in 1852 the genius of Rude was at its climax, and the young sculptor was greatly impressed by it. To the end of his career the vigorous vitality of Rude continued to give the figures of Perraud a certain vivacity that did not interfere with their real originality. His "Adam," completed in 1855, the marble of which is now at Fontainebleau, would hardly be as noble and virile as it is if the path towards novelty and truth had not been pointed out by the great sculptor of Dijon, who in that very year laid down his life, laden with years and honours. This obvious relation to Rude is one which the critic cannot overlook, but it really takes little from the originality of the later and lesser artist. In 1857 Perraud exhibited the plaster of his "Galathée," which he carried out in marble many years later, in 1873. The statue made by Pygmalion is supposed to be in the act of awakening to life. She stands erect and alert, her head turns to the right, one arm is raised in wonder, the other collects the drapery that else would rustle to her knees. Her figure is vigorously modelled, and, but for one tiresome detail which the eye refuses to be blind to, would be in all essential points satisfactory; the one fault is the extreme tenuity of the throat, not a beauty at any time, but especially inappropriate in a figure so broadly designed. Nevertheless the "Galathée" possessed qualities which attracted the notice of the best critics, and this notice resolved itself into positive admiration when, in 1861, Perraud exhibited the figure which he called "Orphée," and which at Lons-le-Saulnier is named "Le Désespéré." In this work he first showed himself a great master. The unfortunate Orpheus sits in extreme dejection by the shores of the sea, whose waves are breaking at his feet. His abandoned lyre lies by his side; his hands, wound about his knees, with the fingers united and the palms pressed outwards, emphasize the hopeless weariness of the attitude. The nobly modelled head hangs forward, like a flower bent with the rain, but too weak and enervated to weep any longer. The hysterical nature of the sorrow expressed is saved from any touch of effeminacy by the vigorous mould upon which the body of Orpheus is built. Two years later Perraud achieved an overwhelming success with his "Enfance de Bacchus," the marble of which is at the Luxembourg, a seated faun with crossed legs and uplifted arms, holding aloft the child Bacchus, who pulls his tufted ear with one hand, while he scourges him with his thyrsus in the other. From this time forth Perraud's career was one of universal success with the public and the critics; he became a member of the Institute, and was entrusted with a variety of public works. But his constitution had never been strong, and his temperament was nervous and unreasonable. Instead of resting when he felt himself overworked, he shut himself up in his studio and denied himself to his friends. He began to suffer from sleeplessness, and when sleep came at last it was tortured by nightmares, in which he saw his work falling to pieces or remodelled in monstrous or

faulty proportions. Still he pushed on, to the ruin of his art, and his somewhat sudden death in 1876 preserved not too soon a reputation which hurried and senile work, performed in ill-health, had already begun to undermine. He remains, with all his faults, one of the great European sculptors of our time. To study his masterpiece it is not necessary to go so far afield as Lons-le-Saulnier, though it may be studied there in the plaster with more ease than in marble at Paris, and though it is interesting to see the stages by which the idea advanced in the master's mind. In the *annexe* to the Gardens of the Luxembourg which lies beyond the Rue de l'Abbé de l'Épée, any one who has a spare hour on his hands may judge the group by which the name of Perraud is likely to be best remembered in the history of art. "Le Jour," as it was very ineptly called, represents a nude warrior, one of the companions of Hercules, who, crossing the mountain range at break of day, has encountered a nymph whom he obliges to quench his thirst from her vase. He embraces her erect figure with his arms, while she pours the stream of water into his mouth held up to receive it. Both figures are superbly modelled, the male with more originality perhaps than the female, because the latter distinctly recalls in attitude the Venus of Milo. The composition is, however, beyond praise, intelligible and noble from every point of view, and executed with the strong hand of a master. "Le Jour" of Perraud is a work which will outlast a hundred popular productions of ephemeral talent, and will survive to show that the grand manner in sculpture was not entirely lost in the second quarter of the nineteenth century.

HUNGARIAN FINANCE.

THE importance of the services which a really strong Austro-Hungarian Empire would be capable of rendering to Europe can hardly be exaggerated. At the close of the seventeenth century and beginning of the eighteenth, when Turkey was beginning to decay, when Russia had not yet absorbed Poland nor emerged from barbarism, when Prussia was less considered than Sweden, and Spain was in much the same condition as Turkey, Austria was a first-class Power. Compared with the States we have named she was very strong; and on the whole Continent, indeed, she was overmatched only by France. In alliance with England and Holland she held Louis XIV. in check, and prevented him from annexing what are now Rhenish Prussia and Belgium. But the wars of the French Revolution shattered the power of Austria, and the reactionary policy of Prince Metternich hindered her from regaining prosperity during the generation which followed Waterloo. Unfortunately, the Liberal régime which has succeeded to his system has not been able as yet to repair all its evil results. If things had been ordered otherwise, if the Empire of the Hapsburgs had grown like some of its neighbours, and were now in very truth, as it is by courtesy, one of the Great Powers—if, in short, Austria could not only place a gallant and highly-disciplined army in the field, but could, if necessary, maintain a struggle protracted for years, she would be in a position to relieve Europe from a nightmare that is depressing all its energies. Only a week or two ago the rumour that Mr. Gladstone had proposed to lay an embargo on the Customs dues of Smyrna, and that his proposal had been accepted by Russia and Italy, but declined by Germany, Austria, and France, caused grave alarm on the Vienna Bourse. Fortunately the Sultan gave way in time to prevent the alarm from becoming a panic; otherwise it would have been transmitted to every Stock Exchange in Europe, and in the course of a few days multitudes of families would have been ruined. We take this instance because it is the latest, but everybody knows that for years the Eastern Question has paralysed trade and acted as a deterrent upon enterprise. Now a really strong Austria would have been able to forbid Russia to open up the Eastern Question, and in so doing would have been heartily supported by Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet. It would, moreover, with the help of England and the minor States, be able to compel France and Germany to keep the peace. What is it that stands in the way of Austria's growing strong? Not want of loyalty in her people, as we saw the other day in Galicia. Nor is it her dual constitution; though that, no doubt, is a hindrance to unity of purpose and promptitude of action. The real source of her weakness lies in her finance. Speaking roughly, the Austro-Hungarian population is equal to that of France. It is quite large enough, therefore, to take a foremost rank in Europe, and it has abundance of room to grow. If the credit of Austria were as good as that of France, does any one doubt that she would be able to keep Russia quiet? Why is it, then, that with such vast resources her credit is so much inferior to that of France? An examination of the Budget statement made the other day by the Hungarian Minister of Finance will throw some light upon this question.

Every one knows how gallantly Hungary struggled for her ancient Constitution, and how, when the Seven Weeks' War humbled her oppressors, she obtained self-government by the compromise of 1868. Her management of her own affairs, however, since that time has not been by any means as successful as her friends and admirers could wish. During the first two years a balance of income and expenditure was maintained; but in 1870 extravagance got the better of prudence, and for three years running the deficit exceeded 1,100,000*l.* per annum. During the four following years it was still larger, and

from 1877 onwards it has varied between two and three millions sterling. This is equivalent to a deficit averaging six or eight millions in England. Add to this that, in the twelve years of her independence, Hungary has run up a debt of about seventy millions sterling, imposing on her an annual charge of 10,391,000*l.* The Budget for the coming year, which the Finance Minister introduced the other day, shows little improvement on this state of things. Broadly it comes to this, that the total income from all sources is estimated at 26½ millions sterling in round numbers, and the expenditure at something under 29 millions, leaving an anticipated deficit of 2½ millions. The Minister proposes new taxes which he estimates to yield 650,000*l.*; and the remainder, exceeding 1,800,000*l.*, he will provide for by loan. According to all appearances the year 1882 will again require large borrowing. It is easy to see how this must end if it goes on unchecked; and no one need wonder that the credit of Hungary is low, that her bonds bearing 6 per cent. interest, payable in London in gold, do not fetch as high a price in the London market as Egyptian Five per Cents., and are eight or nine per cent. lower than Swedish Four per Cents. Hungary, it is true, is only a part, and not the most wealthy and powerful part, of the Hapsburg Empire; but the Cis-Leithan part also suffers from chronic deficits, and is even more heavily in debt. Besides, the whole Empire loses credit because of the unsound finance of either half. Is there, then, no prospect before Hungary but continual borrowing? On the contrary, there can be no doubt that, with peace, retrenchment, and good administration, an equilibrium between income and outlay might be established in no very long space of time. The maintenance of peace depends upon others besides the Hungarians; but retrenchment and good administration are within the power of the Hungarian Parliament. When self-government was established it found the kingdom in a most backward condition—without railways, in many places even without common roads; the rivers overflowing their banks and endangering the safety of the towns along their course; the administrative service in a rudimentary stage, education uncared for, and the defensive organization in abeyance. The new Government set to work to make up for lost time, and though its plans were too ambitious, and it undertook some things which it might safely have let alone, it still has done much to develop the resources of the country. Thus for the debt of seventy millions it has to show a large network of railways constructed with borrowed money. No doubt it has also sold much national property, but its friends allege that the new property created is more productive and more valuable. This, then, is the first point to be borne in mind as a set-off to the unfavourable financial situation—that the deficits have been caused and the debt incurred not on account of war, but chiefly in the construction of public works, in the education of the people, and the improvement of the administration. A second point to be borne in mind is that the railways thus constructed yield revenue, which will increase as population grows and wealth accumulates, and that the existence of the railways stimulates the growth of wealth, and consequently of population. And it is further to be remembered that this kind of reproductive expenditure, as we see from our own experience in India, admits of being reduced or stopped altogether at the will of the Government.

Thus we find that the financial situation is not so desperate as it seems at first sight; and the more closely we examine the facts the more we are confirmed in this view. For example, it appears that the revenue, which was only 17,510,000*l.* in 1868, is estimated to yield 26,442,000*l.* next year. We know, of course, that estimates are not actual results; still they are based upon actual results. Assuming that the estimates are proximately realized, they will show an increase in the Hungarian revenue in fourteen years of nearly 9 millions, or about 53 per cent. It is true that in the same time the expenditure rose 12 millions, or about 70 per cent.; but the more rapid growth of expenditure is implied in the fact that since 1870 every year has ended with a deficit. The fact remains, that in spite of the immense magnitude of the annual deficits there has been a very large increase in the revenue, and consequently that by suspending public works for a year or two the Government could establish an equilibrium. It must also be noted that, rapid as has been the accumulation of debt, the growth of revenue has been more rapid than the growth of the charge for debt. One other fact we may mention—that the present taxation is not more than about 1*l.* 12s. per head of the population, a rate which certainly seems by no means excessive, and one that might be considerably increased without undue pressure on the resources of the country. Under these circumstances it may seem strange that Hungarian Ministers do not make an effort to put an end to the period of chronic deficits. By so doing there can be no doubt that they would strengthen incalculably the Empire to which they belong. They would also lighten the burden on Hungary itself, for a country regularly paying its way need not borrow at 6 per cent. If a financial equilibrium were once established, Hungary would be able at no distant time to refund her debt at 4 per cent. The truth is, few Continental nations appreciate the importance of sound finance to the credit of a country. A commercial people, like the English, are shocked at bad finance, just as they would be in the case of a merchant who never balanced his books. But the Hungarians do not take so serious a view of the matter, and therefore their statesmen go on borrowing rather than incur the unpopularity of strictly enforcing the payment of existing taxes and imposing new ones.

MARIA STUART AT THE COURT THEATRE.

THE appearance of Mme. Modjeska at the Court Theatre in a new part of importance was a theatrical event of considerable interest. The actress had made a success in a character from her performance of which it was impossible to judge whether she had the capacity for acting of the highest, or, it may even be said, of a high kind. It was, no doubt, to her credit that, in spite of the disadvantage—if, indeed, it is altogether a disadvantage with the public—of a foreign accent, she managed to make people go to see one of the worst plays which the younger Dumas ever wrote. How much fashion had to do with the success it is needless to inquire, since the people who set the fashion must, at any rate, have found something exceptionally attractive in the performance. Mme. Modjeska did in this part display some unusual merits; she was graceful and skilful throughout; and at one point, the farewell to her lover, she seemed to reach true pathos. What was an obvious fault in the performance, a certain monotony, might very justly be laid to the account of the piece rather than of the actress. Between such a part as Dumas' *Dame aux Camélias* and such a part as Schiller's *Maria Stuart* there is a wide distance, and it is possible that, apart from any question of her acting powers in the abstract, Mme. Modjeska might have been better advised in selecting some other part in her repertory for her first new departure on the English stage. Blank verse is, presumably, more trying to a foreigner than prose; and the play, in spite of all its beauty of language, which has been well preserved by the adapter, Mr. Lewis Wingfield, runs dangerously near to being tedious for various reasons. As Mr. Carlyle has written of it, "it is a tragedy of sombre and mournful feelings; with an air of melancholy and abstraction pervading it; a looking backward on objects of remorse, around on imprisonment, and forward on the grave. . . . *Maria Stuart* is a beautiful tragedy; it would have formed the glory of a meaner man; but it cannot materially alter his. Compared with *Wallenstein* its purpose is narrow, and its result is common. We have no manners or true historical delineation. The figure of the English Court is not given; and Elizabeth is depicted more like one of the French Medici than like our own politic, capricious, coquettish, imperious, yet on the whole true-hearted 'good Queen Bess.'" As to "good Queen Bess," there may be of course several opinions, and it is perhaps more true that *Maria Stuart* is inferior to *Wallenstein* than that it would have made the glory of a meaner man than Schiller; but it is, at any rate, plain enough that the play is wanting in really dramatic incident and in discrimination of character. Leicester is represented as a miserable scoundrel, who is supposed to make up for his villany by one fine scene of remorse at the end; Burleigh is a cold-blooded ruffian; Elizabeth is certainly not the Elizabeth of any history that has yet been written, and is a vain, treacherous, timorous, blood-thirsty woman; while Mary is the incarnation of every virtue and every undeserved wrong. Out of these melodramatic materials Schiller constructed a tragedy which cannot but be monotonous by reason of its harping constantly on one string of emotion, and that a false one. The beauty of the writing atones to the reader for the fact that *Maria Stuart* is not in the true sense of the word a play at all; but the spectator's position is different from that of the reader. Mr. Wingfield has, as we have already hinted, acquitted himself remarkably well of a difficult task in arranging the piece for the English stage, and he has had a keen eye to what is or is not dramatic in the original. Unfortunately, some of the best passages of Schiller are the least dramatic from the point of view of stage requirements. To take a striking instance of this, in the original play Leicester is left alone upon the stage while the execution of Mary is supposed to be taking place, and, to a certain extent, rehabilitates his wretched character to the audience by the fine soliloquy in which he describes what he sees. It was thought necessary, perhaps, that the impression created by the actions of Mary should be as nearly as possible the last impression left on the mind of the audience. Therefore, after she has left the stage, she is heard, with more than questionable taste, repeating snatches of Latin hymns, and Leicester sacrifices his soliloquy to draw his cloak over Hannah Kennedy's eyes as the axe is supposed to fall. The omission of the one speech in which Leicester is given a chance by Schiller of showing that, though he has acted like a villain, he does not always feel like one, adds, of course, a difficulty to the task of the actor who undertakes what is at best an odious character. We could wish that Mr. Wingfield had been able to retain the omitted speech, and to bring to bear upon its adaptation the skill which he has elsewhere shown. His compression of the earlier acts is not likely to be found fault with by any one.

The play, as given in Mr. Wingfield's version, is briefly this. In the first act, which passes in Fotheringay Keep, Mary learns that Mortimer, Sir Amyas Paulet's nephew, whom she has regarded as her implacable enemy, is secretly her devoted slave. She gives him the ungrateful task of asking Leicester for aid and backing the request by a letter enclosing her portrait. The curtain falls upon Sir Amyas's indignant refusal to have anything to do with the secret assassination of Mary, which Burleigh, sure of the Queen's approval, proposes. Mr. Wingfield has preserved, with sound discretion, in one not unduly protracted act, the most dramatic part of eight "scenes" which in the original occupy forty-seven closely printed pages. In this act Mme. Modjeska was graceful, and con-

veyed a sense of pathetic resignation which was not without its effect; but her action, especially as regarded the constant and restless clutching of the arm of the chair in which she sat, had a want of dignity and repose. The first intimation that, with all her grace and skilfulness, Mme. Modjeska might be wanting in the dignity demanded by the part was given by her delivery of the lines—

Who is my equal in this high commission?

Kings only are my peers.

(Wer in der Committee ist meines Gleichen?

Nur Könige sind meine Peers.)—

in which she displayed little or no variance from her former expression and intonation, and which conveyed no sense of inborn majesty asserting itself. Mr. Crauford, who played Mortimer, delivered the speech in which he relates his conversion to the faith and cause of Mary, after seeing her portrait, with fervour and feeling. Mr. Edward Price's Burleigh was in this scene, as throughout, as unlike what he ought to have aimed at as it well could be. He had, it is true, the merit of speaking his words distinctly and with a sensible emphasis; but these merits, though not too common, will not carry an actor successfully through a part of which, in the face of all the difficulties put in his way by Schiller, Herr Jaffé, the well-known actor of the Dresden Hof-Theater, has made a living picture. Mr. Clifford Cooper's Paulet had feeling and perception, but was somewhat wanting both in force and in light and shade. The chief figures in the second act, to which Schiller gives nine long "scenes," are Elizabeth, Leicester, and Mortimer. Mr. Wingfield has wisely cut away some cumbersome personages, and the interest turns entirely upon Leicester's opposition to Burleigh and persuading of Elizabeth to grant the interview which Mary desires, and upon the finely conceived scene in which Mortimer reveals his secret plans to Leicester, and finds him but a cold-hearted and temporizing accomplice. Miss Louise Moodie's acting of Queen Elizabeth, or rather of Schiller's Queen Elizabeth, is remarkably clever, and indeed more than clever, but she wants the commanding port and aspect which ought to be associated with the part. Mr. Clayton plays Leicester with complete knowledge and skill; his understanding of the part could evidently hardly be bettered, and both his action when he is the chief figure and his byplay are admirably conceived and executed. That Leicester is not the part in which he might be seen to the best advantage is not Mr. Clayton's fault; and it is his merit that he makes the very best of unpropitious circumstances, and shows himself to be a thoroughly good actor in a part so little suited to him that no one could have blamed him if he had been merely indifferent. Mr. Clayton's indication of repressed emotion and of a wavering will in the scene between himself and Mortimer was particularly good, and for his acting in this scene Mr. Crauford is also to be commended. The fine lines which end the scene are finely rendered by the adapter, and they were done justice to by both actors.

The third act contains and depends upon the famous meeting between the two Queens. Mary opens the act by a speech, in which she rejoices in her new-found freedom in Fotheringay Park. The speech has the deepest pathos. Mme. Modjeska relies upon producing a pathetic effect, if she intends to aim at pathos at all, by the contrast between her new joy and her former caged sadness. Apart from the fact that, to us at any rate, Mme. Modjeska's gaiety seemed forced and artificial, it may be doubted whether an overflowing gaiety is what the actress should attempt. Fräulein Ulrich, one of the finest of living representatives of Maria Stuart, takes a different view, to which Schiller's words very readily lend themselves, and conveys rather the notion of a queen whose sense of unjust imprisonment still hangs about her in the free air than of a schoolgirl suddenly let out from her task to run about the meadows. Of the succeeding great scene between the two Queens, we can only say that, to our thinking, Mme. Modjeska missed its true significance entirely, or, if she comprehended its true significance, failed to give any adequate expression to her conception of the scene. What is wanted is a noble courtesy preserved through outraged pride, and a dignity present even in the outbreak of provoked passion. What Mme. Modjeska certainly has is the capacity of grace and pleasantness, and, as it seems to us, she is unable to combine with this capacity the power of expressing the restrained storm of emotion which Schiller has put into this scene. The great and concluding burst of the scene (we quote the German, in default of a published copy of the English version)—

Der Thron von England ist durch einen Bastard

Entweiht, der Britten edelherzig Volk

Durch eine list'ge Gauklerin betrogen.

Regierte recht, so läget ihr vor mir

Im Staube jetzt, denn ich bin euer König—

was given with a certain amount of energy; but it was not energy either of the right kind or of the right degree. This speech, indeed, showed markedly, as far at least as regards this part, the limitation of the actress's powers.

In the fourth act we go back again to Westminster Palace, and its chief incident is the suicide of Mortimer, preceded and led up to by the gross and impossible treachery of Leicester. In this act, again, Mr. Wingfield has used the pruning-knife (not to say "Zounds, sir, the axe") with great judiciousness, and he has shown a true dramatic perception in transferring, to some extent, the part played by Davison in the original to Sir Amyas Paulet, and in bringing the curtain down on Elizabeth's fatal act of signing the death-

warrant. Here, as before, Miss Moodie played with commendable care and skill. Mr. Clayton gave, with great precision and force, the sudden resolve, as suddenly acted upon, by Leicester to sacrifice Mortimer in order to save his own ambition and neck. Mr. Crauford had a difficult business to encounter in the suicide of Mortimer, and got through it with much credit.

The fifth act is merely the piled-up agony of Mary's coming execution. It contains many touching situations and many touching lines; but we cannot say that, to our thinking, Mme. Modjeska made the most of the opportunities here given to her. She was graceful and woebegone in the first act, and she was woebegone and graceful in the last. The difference was not in the actress, but in the situation. The same pleasing intonations, the same graceful gestures, served both purposes. The act is, excepting the soliloquy of Leicester, not a strikingly good one in the original. We could wish that Mr. Wingfield had omitted the gross and obviously improbable brutality which Schiller thought fit, with a cynicism worthy of the present arbiter of Germany's fortunes, to attribute to Burleigh. This, however, may, in the estimation of some people, be valuable as an enhancement of Mary's sufferings. The mounting and costuming of the play do the highest credit to the management of the theatre.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

THE racing on the opening day of the Newmarket Second October Meeting was not specially exciting. There was not a single good race throughout the day, and in several cases the winners cantered in many lengths in front of the nearest of their opponents. Although, however, the racing was bad, some good horses took part in it. The famous two-year-old, Bal Gal, won the Clearwell Stakes, a race in which her owner, Lord Falmouth, has been singularly fortunate, this being the seventh time he has won it. Another two-year-old of high class that ran on the Monday was Thebais, a daughter of Hermit and Devotion. This beautiful filly won one race and walked over for another. Favorita was made the first favourite for the 100*l*. Plate, for which Kühleborn and Lord Chelmsford also started. The last-named colt, who is by Victorious out of Seclusion, the dam of Hermit, had cost 2,000 guineas as a yearling. He ran miserably in the race, and the winner turned up in Brag, who cantered in some eight lengths in front of the nearest of the field.

The Cesarewitch was the all-absorbing event of the Tuesday, and the rest of the racing was not of the highest quality; nevertheless there were several good fields and some well contested finishes. Elizabeth, the winner of the One Thousand, must have lost form, or she could hardly have run so badly as she did in the Burwell Stakes, even with her penalty. The two-year-old, Golden Eye, who won the race, must be a smartish filly, as she made all the running and won in a canter by two lengths from Friday. There was a fine race for the Plate which preceded the Cesarewitch. Flavius, ridden by Archer, won by a head; a neck only separated the second and third, and the two other competitors were close up. In the race which immediately followed the Cesarewitch there was another hard struggle. In the next race there was a good fight between the three leading horses, and then came the Heath Stakes. Pardon was a strong favourite; but the race was won, after a desperate struggle, by Valentino, a horse who does not often win races. Neither of the three leading favourites was placed. Apollo had no difficulty in beating Pride of the Highlands for the Royal Stakes; but he only won by half a length. Altogether, taken in conjunction with the great race itself, the day of the Cesarewitch was a very pleasant one. Some heavy rain fell in the morning; but during the afternoon there were no showers worth mentioning. The attendance was enormous; indeed it is said to have been the largest ever seen on a Cesarewitch day. Some of the morning trains were very late in arriving at Newmarket; but, as there were a great many specials, it would scarcely be fair to be too critical on this point.

Seventeen two-year-olds were saddled for the Middle Park Plate. The stake was worth 3,520*l*. It is rather curious that, in spite of the immense popularity of this race, it was worth more on the first occasion than it has ever been worth since. Although it is sometimes called the two-year-old Derby, there seems to be a fate against its winners ever succeeding in winning the Epsom Derby. On the late occasion it seemed very natural that the unbeaten Bal Gal should have been made the first favourite. Up to the day of the race there were some doubts as to her starting. It was said that her roaring had been gradually getting worse, and it was doubted whether this infirmity, together with her extra weight of 7 lbs. would not prevent her winning. Still she was backed against the field at even money, and her previous performances seemed to warrant her position in the betting, even allowing for her disadvantages. After all, the second favourite had never run in public before, and racing men are not, as a rule, fond of placing much confidence in horses which have never won a race, however promising their appearance, and however high their private reputations. St. Louis is a chestnut colt by Hermit, out of Lady Audley, the dam of Pilgrimage. He had cost 2,200 guineas as a yearling, and he is certainly a remarkably good-looking colt. He is not particularly large, but he is very evenly made, and shows much quality. To some people's taste, Town Moor is a hand-

somer horse. He is a fine bay colt, an inch or two higher than St. Louis, with plenty of bone and power; but critical judges did not like the appearance of his hocks. It will be remembered that he was beaten by Kühleborn in a Triennial at Ascot, but he was said to have improved greatly since that meeting. The other fourteen starters were a very moderate-looking lot. Perhaps the best of them, as far as appearances went, were Geologist, Fiddler, the filly by Hermit out of Rylstone's dam, and Lucy Glitters. The latter is a pretty filly, very neatly made, and very quick in her action, but she is small, being little more than a good-sized pony. The field was soon away, without any trouble at the post. After they had run about a third of the distance, Lucy Glitters made the running, followed by Town Moor, St. Louis, and Bal Gal. The latter seemed to be running with very little dash, and soon after passing the Buses, when Archer tried to rouse her as they came down the hill, she did not respond and shoot away according to her usual custom. Her jockey could not get her to the front, do what he would, and she was beaten long before they came to the Dip. Lucy Glitters could not maintain her lead beyond the bottom of the hill, and Town Moor, who had been running well, was exhausted at the beginning of the ascent for home. St. Louis was the only horse left in the race as they came up the hill, and he won in a canter by three lengths. He is fortunately engaged in several of the important races of next year, including the Two Thousand, the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Prince of Wales's Stakes, and other races at Ascot. His owner, Mr. Crawford, has the good fortune to be the possessor of Thebais, whom we have already described as a beautiful two-year-old that had shown excellent form. With such a pair of youngsters as these, he ought to have excellent chances of winning great three-year-old races next year. Both Town Moor and Lucy Glitters, who ran second and third for the Middle Park Plate, went well during the greater part of the race, but they tired very much at the finish, and made no kind of fight of it with St. Louis.

In addition to their mistake in the Middle Park Plate, the backers of favourites made several other blunders on the Wednesday. In the first race of the day, they began by laying 3 to 1 on Myra, who had run very well at the First October Meeting; but a good-looking American-bred colt, called Foxhall, got up to her in the Dip, and just managed to keep his head in front until the winning-post was passed. For the Select Stakes, 5 to 2 was laid on Mask, who had at one time shown some of the best form of the year, but from some cause or other he now ran very badly, finishing third only to Toastmaster and Valentino, neither of whom, judging from previous public form, ought to have beaten him. Another great surprise was the victory of Beddington in the Flying Welter Handicap, in which none of the ten most fancied starters were placed. In three races the favourites won, but in two of these they were not very strongly supported.

There was an immense attendance on the Thursday to see the fourth battle between the winners of the Derby and the St. Leger. There were still many admirers of Bend Or, who clung to the idea that he was, after all, a better horse than Robert the Devil. Others, not quite so sanguine, hoped nevertheless that Robert the Devil's race in the Cesarewitch, a couple of days before, might have taken enough out of him to enable Bend Or to beat him; for it was believed that even if Robert were the best of the pair, there was very little to choose between them. Great as was the interest shown in the Champion Stakes, it would have been far greater if Rayon d'Or, the winner of last year's St. Leger, had come out to oppose the two famous three-year-olds. Early in the week it had been fully expected that he would come to the post, but for some reason or other he was an absentee. Although Robert the Devil was the favourite, there was only a trifling difference in the odds laid against the two favourites, 11 to 10 being betted against Robert the Devil and 5 to 4 against Bend Or. Robert the Devil made his own running, and had fairly exhausted his opponents a quarter of a mile from home. He cantered in ten lengths in advance of Bend Or, who was about as far in front of Reveller and Charibert, the only other runners. It is difficult to compare the careers of the more famous three-year-olds, especially when a Cesarewitch has to be balanced against a Derby. At first sight, for instance, the successes of Gladiateur appear far more brilliant than those of Robert the Devil; but, on the other hand, the victory of the latter in the Cesarewitch was quite unprecedented. Robert the Devil is a noticeable example of a horse making wonderful improvement during his three-year-old career. Last year, again, we had almost as remarkable an instance of this in Rayon d'Or.

There was no race for the Bretby Stakes, for which Thebais walked over. The 10 to 1 outsider, Microphone, won the Autumn Handicap by a head, after a tremendous race with Cradle. There was a great deal of heavy betting on a match between Donato and Lady Chelmsford, 11 to 10 being laid on the former. They started side by side, and remained in that position for nearly a quarter of the race, when Lady Chelmsford led by about half a length. In the Abingdon Mile Bottom Donato closed up with her again, and after a magnificent race he won by a neck. 2 to 1 was laid on Cipolata for the Newmarket Oaks, and she made her own running with great confidence; but within fifty yards of the winning-post Archer came with one of his masterly rushes on Muriel, when Cipolata ran rather ungenerously, and was beaten by a head. On public running Muriel seemed to have no business whatever to beat Cipolata at even weights. Those who saw Archer win this race were reminded of his very similar rush on Bend Or in the Derby; and when they saw Robert the Devil beat Bend Or with

such case in the Champion Stakes an hour later, many of them naturally asked themselves whether the Derby had not been won entirely by fine riding.

Teviotdale, the winner of the Ascot Stakes, became a hot favourite for the Newmarket Derby, but the race was won in a canter by four lengths by Milap, a horse which had had a singularly unsuccessful three-year-old career. Sir Marmaduke, who had been fifth in the Middle Park Plate, was the favourite for the Prendergast Stakes, for which a very moderate lot of two-year-olds came out. He won the race by half a length from Tunis. Tower and Sword, being in a running humour, won a Sweepstakes, beating two better favourites. Le Destrier, who had run well in the Cesarewitch up to a certain point, won the Queen's Plate, for which Reveller, the winner of the Great Yorkshire Handicap, was the favourite. The Great Challenge Stakes was won by Thebais, this being her fourth successive victory during the week, including two walks over. Brotherhood, the favourite for the Third Welter Handicap, was beaten by Ellangowan, an uncertain runner, who had nevertheless beaten Reveller early in the season. The meeting ended with a couple of two-year-old races, for each of which there was an exciting finish. There has seldom been a more successful Second October Meeting at Newmarket.

REVIEWS.

SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST—THE INSTITUTES OF VISHNU.*

THIS translation from the Sanskrit is to be welcomed, though, strictly speaking, it does not come into the category of "sacred books." It is no part of what the Hindus call *Śruti*, "that which was heard," or direct revelation; but it forms part of the semi-divine writings known as *Smṛiti*, or "what was remembered" by the ancient sages and lawgivers. The work is one of the old *Dharma-sūtras*, or codes of law, generally spoken of as being eighteen in number. It is variously called *Vishnu-smṛiti*, *Vaiṣṇava Dharma-sūtra*, and *Vishnu-sūtra*. The translator vindicates its right to be called a *Dharma-sūtra*, a name which would confer upon it a higher antiquity and greater authority. He says, "The size of the *Vishnu-sūtra*, and the great variety of the subjects treated in it, would suffice to entitle it to a conspicuous place among the five or six existing *Dharma-sūtras*." Further, "It possesses a peculiar claim to interest, which is founded on its close connexion with one of the oldest Vedic schools, the Kathas, on the one hand, and with the famous code of Manu and some other ancient law-codes, on the other hand." Tradition leaves us entirely in the dark as to the author of the work, for the fiction enunciated in the introductory chapter, "that the laws were communicated by the god Vishnu to the goddess of the earth, is of course utterly worthless for historical purposes . . . and those parts of the work in which it is started or kept up cannot rival the laws themselves in antiquity." The work has many analogies with the *Smṛitis* of Manu, Yājñavalkya, Āpastamba, and Gautama, and in a considerable portion of its contents it is identical with passages in those works. The prose rules which constitute the bulk of the work are expressed in the laconic *Sūtra* style, "which renders it impossible in many cases to make out the real meaning of a *Sūtra* without the help of a commentary; and in the choice of terms they agree as closely as possible with the other ancient law books, and in some cases with the *Grihya-sūtras* [rules for domestic rights] as well. This identity of matter in the old law books indicates that they were preceded by *Sūtra* works, from which they drew their fundamental rules. On the other hand, it is clear "that there are a number of cases in which this work, instead of having borrowed from other works of the same class, can be shown to have been directly or indirectly, the source from which they drew; and this fact constitutes a third reason in favour of the high antiquity of its laws." Of all the law books, the *Institutes of Vishnu* agree most closely with the Code of Manu. The two have upwards of a hundred and sixty verses in common, and in a far greater number of passages they agree nearly word for word. It is difficult to determine which is the more ancient work. In some points *Vishnu* seems to be the older; but, upon the whole, Manu perhaps is entitled to the priority. There is very little in Manu, for instance, about written documents; but *Vishnu* has an entire chapter on writings, besides divers references in other places to grants, edicts, and written receipts. In drawing inferences from internal evidence the greatest caution and critical acumen are necessary, for these works, like most other ancient Hindu productions, have been manipulated by later writers. Some of the interpolations are manifest, but others may entirely escape detection, or merely excite suspicion.

The introductory chapter is the work of a later writer, and is very different in style. Its object is to account for the origin of the work, and the author's name being *Vishnu*, the editor had no difficulty in assuming that this meant the god *Vishnu*. He represents *Vishnu* as having created the world in his boar incarnation, and as having retired and left it to itself. The goddess of the

earth, in perplexity as to how she should be able to sustain herself, assumed the form of a lovely woman, of whose person a voluptuous description is given, and went for counsel to the great sage Kasyapa. Through him she obtained access to *Vishnu*, and, after rendering homage and worship, she asked to be taught concisely the eternal laws, together with the customs and secret ordinances. The deity complied, and thus abruptly began:—

1. Brahmanas, Kshatriyas, Vaiśyas, and Śūdras are the four castes.
2. The first three of these are [called] twice-born.
3. Their duties are:—
4. For a Brahman, to teach [the Veda];
5. For a Kshatriya, constant practice in arms;
6. For a Vaiśya, the tending of cattle.
7. For a Śūdra, to serve the twice-born.

The second chapter is on the duties of a king, whose primary duty is "to protect his people." He is to "fix his abode in a district containing open plains fit for cattle, and abounding in grain"; and he is "to reside in a stronghold," which is defined to be a place strong by nature from being surrounded by a desert, by water, trees, or mountains, or artificially strong from the number of its armed men or its fortifications of stone or brick. One provision is that he is to appoint eunuchs to guard his wives. He is to receive from his subjects every year a sixth part of the grain or seeds produced, "two in the hundred of cattle, gold, and clothes"; "a sixth part of flesh, honey, butter," &c.; "a tenth of the price of marketable commodities sold in his own country"; "and a twentieth part of (the price of) goods (sold) in another country." But "Let him not levy any tax upon Brahmanas. For they pay taxes to him in the shape of their pious acts. A sixth part both of the virtuous deeds and of the iniquitous acts committed by his subjects goes to the king." In the entire absence of historical writings, such knowledge as we possess of the kingdoms and rulers of ancient and mediæval India is derived in great measure from grants of land engraved on copper. These contain lists, more or less extensive, of the successive kings of their respective dynasties. Such copper grants are very numerous, and are constantly turning up. The law under which such grants were executed is thus laid down:—

Let him [the king] bestow landed property on Brahmanas. To those upon whom he has bestowed (land) he must give a document, destined for the information of a future ruler, which must be written upon a piece of (cotton) cloth, or a copper-plate, and must contain the names of his (three) immediate ancestors, a declaration of the extent of the land, and an imprecation against him who should appropriate the donation to himself, and should be signed with his own seal.

These directions have been in general strictly observed. The number "three," which the commentator has inserted, must be understood as the minimum number of ancestors to be specified. When the grant occupies two or more plates they are connected with a ring or rings, and the ring is frequently secured with a lump of lead upon which the King's name is impressed.

Corporal punishments were many and various, from capital punishment downwards. "Great criminals should all be put to death," but "in the case of a Brahman no corporal punishment must be inflicted." A Brahman criminal is to be banished, and is to be branded with a mark indicative of his crime. Murderers, forgers, incendiaries, robbers, thieves of property above a certain value, breakers of dykes, and those who give shelter to robbers, are to be put to death; also "a woman who violates the duty which she owes to her lord, the latter being unable to restrain her." The law of retaliation was also in force. "With whatever limb an inferior insults or hurts his superior in caste, of that limb the king shall cause him to be deprived." "If he spits on him he shall lose his lips; if he use abusive language, his tongue." "Those who use false dice in gaming shall lose one hand"; also cutpurses. Hermits, ascetics, pregnant women, and pilgrims are exempt from ferry dues and tolls. Title by possession is very fairly recognized after an unchallenged descent through three generations. The right of self-defence is fully admitted, even if the assailant be a Brahman. "Any one may unhesitatingly slay a man who attacks him with intent to murder him, whether his spiritual teacher, young or old, or a Brahman, or even a Brahman versed in many branches of sacred knowledge. By killing an assassin who attempts to kill, whether in public or in private, no crime is committed by the slayer; fury recoils upon fury." The law of loans and interest is fair and equitable. A creditor is to be paid back in full, and the debtors are to pay "as much interest as has been promised by themselves"; but some idea of the rates of interest is afforded by the provision that the creditor "shall take in the direct order of the castes two, three, four or five in the hundred by the month (if no pledge has been given)." The rates thus mentioned are very high; but there is a limitation to the total amount. The interest on gold is not to rise higher than double the debt, on grain to threefold, &c. Then comes an inexplicable provision that "on substances from which spirituous liquor is extracted, on cotton thread, leather, weapons, bricks, and charcoal, the interest is unlimited." The double amount is the ordinary increase, and is to be taken on all objects unspecified. Debts are recoverable from the sons or the grandsons of a deceased man. Ordeals occupy a prominent position. First comes compurgation by oath; then ordeals of five kinds, the sacred libation, the balance, fire, water, or poison—the particular ordeal being regulated by the subject of contention, the caste of the persons concerned, and the season of the year. The most serious one is that of fire, in which the person on trial has to carry a red hot ball in his hand for a certain distance without being burnt. If the provisions of the law were obeyed, the resort to ordeals must have been frequent in old days, and there must have been a great deal of laxity and partiality in the adminis-

* *The Sacred Books of the East*. Edited by Max Müller. Vol. VII. *The Institutes of Vishnu*. Translated by Julius Jolly. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press, 1880.

tration of them. No doubt, also, there were tricks and contrivances by which their terrors were evaded. The judge had no option of refusing the ordeal in the case of one formerly convicted of a crime, but was to administer one of the ordeals, though the matter in contest were ever so trifling. On the other hand, he was not to subject to any ordeal one who was "known and esteemed among honest men and virtuous, even though the matter in contest were ever so important."

Vishnu notices the rise of the "mixed castes," and prescribes their mode of living, but upon this subject he is not so full as Manu. The laws regulating the descent of property are very simple and clear. In ancestral property "the ownership of father and son is equal"; acquired property the father may dispose of in partition with his sons "as he thinks best." On failure of sons the wife takes, then the daughter, and so on through a regular succession of heirs, till, on complete failure of heirs, the property goes to the king, unless the deceased were a Brahman, when it is to go to other Brahmans. Impurity—that is, the formal uncleanness arising from the proximity of birth or death, and from the numerous other causes of defilement that Hindu ingenuity has invented—occupies two long chapters containing most precise and minute provisions, which must have been sad drawbacks on the comfort of life. Marriage is carefully guarded. A Brahman may take four wives, a Kshatriya three, a Vaisya two, and a Sūdra one. At the present time these provisions are evaded, especially by the Kulin Brahmans of Bengal, whose high rank makes them greatly sought after, and who, for a consideration, marry many girls whom they never see afterwards. The prohibited degrees are wide—seven degrees on the father's side and five on the mother's. A man is forbidden to marry a woman "whose hair is decidedly red, or one who talks idly." Throughout life a woman's legal position is one of complete subservience. In childhood she is subject to her father, in married life to her husband, and in old age and widowhood to her sons. She is, "after the death of her husband, to preserve her chastity, or to ascend the pile after him." This is the only provision that the book makes for the widow becoming a *sati*. The punishments denounced upon criminals in this world are ample; but more varied and excruciating tortures are provided for them in the next. There are no less than twenty-one different hells in which the most terrible and disgusting tortures await the unabsolved criminal. These torments are maintained for long periods, and some for ages so immense that the human mind can hardly discriminate between them and eternity. Imagination has run riot in picturing the tortures of the hells:—

There they are devoured by dogs and jackals, by hawks, crows, herons, cranes, and other (carnivorous animals), by (bears and other) animals having fire in their mouths, and by serpents and scorpions. They are scorched by blazing fire, pierced by thorns, divided into parts by saws, and tormented by thirst. . . . Here they are boiled in oil, and there pounded with pestles, or ground in iron or stone vessels. . . . Here enveloped in terrible darkness they are devoured by worms and horrible animals having flames in their mouths. There again they are tormented by frost or driven to distraction by hunger, &c.

Seeing the awful fate that awaits the unrepentant sinner, it is well that appropriate penances are prescribed for almost every description of offence. Some of these are simple enough, but others are very arduous. Several of the later chapters are filled with the "Duties of a Householder," and the provisions respecting them are so many and so minute and trivial that it would seem hardly possible for a man to pass an hour without infringing some one of them. One of the last chapters is occupied with a description of the human frame, and is very precise; in true Hindu style, the writer is just as specific in matters utterly beyond his knowledge as in those things which are clear to all men. "There are twenty nails . . . [and] of tubular vessels (or arteries), the branches of the smaller tubular vessels there are two millions, nine hundred thousand, nine hundred and fifty-six. Of hair holes of the hair, of the beard, and of the head, there are three hundred thousand."

Dr. Jolly, the translator, has done his work well, and has elucidated many passages with explanations drawn from a commentator of great repute. A similar work, called *Nārāḍīya Dharma-sāstra*, translated by the same author, was reviewed in these columns in September 1877. Nārāḍa's book is of a somewhat later date than that of Vishnu, now under notice. Throughout this work the translator makes constant reference to parallel or similar passages in Manu, Nārāḍa, and in the Aphorisms of Āpastamba and Gautama, published in a previous volume of the *Sacred Books*, and reviewed by us in October last year. These works seem, with the exception of Nārāḍa, and perhaps of Vishnu, to have been written before the beginning of the Christian era, and they afford a complete insight into Hindu law as it then existed.

LOVE AND LIFE.*

IT is a characteristic feature of our time to accept nothing in old popular fiction simply, to be content with no meaning that lies on the surface, but to seek a laboured moral or far-fetched explanation that would have been astonishing indeed to our forefathers who first told these familiar stories. In her "Five Old Friends and a Young Prince" Miss Thackeray may be said to have set the ingenious fashion of transmuting the gossamers

and golden tissues of these old fairy tales into the merinos and serges of modern days. She sometimes translated as well the almost unconscious impression made on us by the matter-of-course constancy and childlike trust of their heroines, into the brisk benevolence or sleepy indifference of nineteenth-century young ladies. The fascination of attempting this kind of story-telling has been too much even for Miss Yonge, whose strength lies chiefly in drawing very real boys and girls living very ordinary lives. Miss Yonge has the undoubted gift of making her readers realize every detail of her story, every attribute, moral and physical, of the person whom she is describing; but this very quality is utterly opposed to the delicate, vague, misty fancy necessary to reproduce the old fairy tale in modern dress—a quality of fancy which Miss Thackeray possesses in a greater degree than any other modern novelist.

In *Love and Life* there is a great deal that is pretty and graceful and interesting as an eighteenth-century story; but when it becomes essential to follow closely the old myth of Cupid and Psyche—and this is the task Miss Yonge has set herself—the effect is almost that of burlesque. Now Miss Yonge has none of the gifts of Mr. Burnand. Her heroine, Mistress Aurelia Delavie (Psyche), a damsel of much beauty, but small fortune, is living at the opening of the tale in an old house in the West of England with her father, two sisters, and a little brother. Her father, Major Delavie, an officer disabled in the Austrian service, is acting as agent to his lovely, but wicked, cousin, Lady Belamour (Venus), whose son, Sir Amyas, plays the part of Cupid. The youth ingeniously betrays to his mother his admiration for the fair Aurelia, whom he has met at a syllabub party, and Lady Belamour, having other views for him, insists on the young lady quitting her home and going to live at a country house of hers. Here Aurelia is to act as governess to the three little girls, all born at once, whom Lady Belamour tries, quite in vain, to pass off to the world as one infant. This is a new development of fancy on the part of Miss Yonge; we do not think she has ever before got beyond two sets of twins in the same family. It is not easy to see why she imagines that three children of precisely the same age are superior in attractions to three who come into the world at proper intervals; but then we have never had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a triplet. To return to the story. It seems rather a clumsy expedient on the part of so clever a lady as Lady Belamour to transplant a lovely maiden from the distant West, which was as inaccessible in 1739 as the Rocky Mountains are now, and to place her close to Brentford, within thirty miles of her son's barracks; but, if she had been more wise, she would never have had the opportunity of acting the part of the malignant Venus. Aurelia arrives, undertakes the education of the fascinating triplet, and becomes a ministering angel to old Mr. Amyas Belamour, Cupid's uncle, who, partly owing to a wound, and partly to hysteria, passes his life in a pitch-dark room with a black servant. What a topic this would have been for Mr. Sheridan Le Fanu! Every evening Aurelia spends some hours with old Mr. Belamour, once a famous wit and a man about town, and repeats to him long passages out of *Paradise Lost* and Mr. Pope's lately published *Iliad*, learnt during the day for the purpose. Reports of these encounters come to Lady Belamour's ears, and she speedily turns them to account by formally demanding Aurelia's hand for Mr. Belamour. The damsel, who has become attached to the Voice in the Dark, willingly agrees, but is sometimes startled out of her placidity by wild caresses at the moment when she is being addressed by some one apparently in the other corner of the room. Things are brought to a climax one day when she is hastily bidden to come and be married, and these "material manifestations" take place even more oddly than before. Aurelia takes counsel with a newly-wedded sister, who gives her a tinder-box, to be struck the next time she is embarrassed by dubious endearments. This she does, with an awful result. She sets the room on fire; old Mr. Belamour is distressed by the glare seen for the first time for nine years; young Sir Amyas, whom Aurelia has wedded in the dark, breaks his arm; Lady Belamour comes in and accuses her, not without some apparent reason, of artfulness, and the terrified girl makes her escape. The description of her flying from house to house, trying in vain to find some one to shelter her, is rather ludicrous; and she finally returns to Lady Belamour, who imprisons her in an old family mansion in London alone with the rats, and sets her tasks to do, after the manner of Venus and Psyche. All her relations, male and female, headed by her young husband, have by this time heard of her disappearance, and prick forth on the quest. The wicked enchantress attempts to deceive them, and finally conveys Aurelia down the river to a house in Greenwich, where she is drugged and placed on board a West Indian trader, on her way to become the wife of a rich merchant who has a taste for white beauty. Of course the indignant relations appear in the nick of time, and the last we hear of Cupid and Psyche is at the Imperial Court of Vienna.

It will be seen that Miss Yonge has clung very closely to the "machinery," as critics of her heroine's period would have said, of Apuleius. The triplet represents at least the theological Graces; the lover of her Venus is one Colonel Mar. She has the cruel and reluctant mother-in-law, the unseen husband, and the black servant, who may pass for the monster that Psyche's sisters believed her lover to be. The very incident of the striking an unexpected light is parodied, and thus Miss Yonge has handicapped herself with a heathen, or even a savage plot, as well

* *Love and Life: an old Story in Eighteenth Century Costume.* By Charlotte M. Yonge. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

as with the difficulty of describing eighteenth-century manners. There is even something rather risky in the chapter called "Wooing in the Dark," of which we may quote a fragment. Old Mr. Belamour has proposed, in the dark, in his stately old voice, and Aurelia answers:—

"You are very good, sir," she continued to breathe out, amid the flutterings of her heart, and the reply produced a wonderful outburst of ardour in a low but fervent voice. "You will! You will! You sweetest of angels, you will be mine!"

There was something so irresistibly winning in the sound, that it drew forth an answer from the maiden's very heart, "Oh! yes, indeed—" and before she could utter another word she was snatched into a sudden, warm, vehement embrace, from which she was only partly released, as—near, but still not so near as she would have expected—this extraordinary suitor seemed to remonstrate with his ardent self, saying, "Now! now! that will do! So be it then, my child," he continued, "Great will be the need of faith, patience, trust, ay, and of self-restraint, but let these be practised for a little space, and all will be well."

She scarcely heard the latter words. The sense of something irrevocable and unfathomable was overpowering her. The mystery of these sudden alterations of voice, now near, now far off, was intolerable. Here were hands claiming her, fervent, eager breathings close upon her, and that serious, pensive voice going on all that time.

Now there are, or there are said to be, certain savage races who do not permit husband and wife to see each other during the first period of their union. About them a famous ethnologist has appropriately quoted *Locksley Hall*: "They are dangerous guides, the feelings—especially in the dark." The mention of these queer matrimonial laws gives us an excuse for discussing the origin of the plot which Miss Yonge has borrowed from so unlikely a source as Apuleius. What is the meaning of the myth of the bride who may not behold her groom, or of the bridegroom who may not look on his bride? The story is told in both ways, and there are versions in which either party is forbidden, under supernatural penalties, to speak the other's name. Probably the oldest literary form of the story is the Sanscrit myth of Urvasi and Pururavas, which occurs in the Brahmanas of the Yagur-Veda. Mr. Max Müller tells us how Urvasi, a kind of fairy, fell in love with Pururavas, and said, "Let me never see you without your royal garments, for this is the manner of women." What trait of old etiquette have we here? This is a point to which Mr. Müller does not seem to have directed his researches. One night, by a flash of lightning, Urvasi saw her lover naked, and, like the victim of the Boojum, she "softly and suddenly vanished away." The pair were afterwards re-united. Mr. Müller sees "the root of all the stories of Pururavas and Urvasi in short proverbial expressions. . . . Thus Urvasi loves Pururavas" meant "the sun rises"; "Urvasi sees Pururavas naked" meant "the dawn is gone." By philological arguments which certainly seem to us capable of proving anything, Mr. Müller tries to show that Urvasi once meant the Dawn, because the word may be derived from *uru*, "wide," and a root *as*, "to pervade," and the Dawn is widely pervading. He goes on—"However, the best proof that Urvasi means the dawn is the legend told of her and Pururavas, a story that is true only of the sun and the dawn." And this is the point where the facts even of Miss Yonge's story suggest a different explanation. The heroine is under a necessity of not seeing her husband, and her disappearance is a punishment for transgressing this rule. In other forms of the same plot, as in the Hindoo story of Tulisa, the girl is not to ask her husband's name, and a supernatural penalty befalls her on her transgression. Now it seems probable to us, especially as much the same plot occurs in a Zulu tale, that the incident was originally a savage invention, designed to act as sanction of a savage marriage custom. That such fictions do exist is certain, and one of them tells how certain Bushmen were petrified for merely looking at a maiden at a time when she should have been invisible to men. The ethical motive of such a story is obvious. Now we do find a very widespread set of savage customs which erect curious barriers between husband and wife. In Sparta, for a long time after marriage, the bride and bridegroom were only allowed to meet clandestinely, and, so to speak, might only see each other in the dark. It is said that the Yorubas forbid husband and wife to see each other, and a few similar instances are given by Sir John Lubbock. In Bulgaria the bride is forbidden to speak to her husband, or any of his kin, for nine long months. In Zululand the woman may not mention her husband's name. In Miletus similar odd prohibitions existed down to the age of Herodotus. It therefore seems to us probable enough that the original form of the Cupid and Psyche story may have been invented to illustrate the danger of breaking some rule of early marriage etiquette. A very odd confirmation of this view, a kind of "missing link" in our argument, is afforded by one of M. Paul Sébillot's Breton *märchen*. A young sailor brings home a bride he has never seen. His relations chaff him, and he explains that, in the strange land he has visited, it is not the custom for a husband to see his wife till a certain time after marriage. In the Breton fairy tale he is induced to infringe the custom, with the usual supernatural results. Some aid is perhaps lent to this theory by the extreme hostility of the lover's mother to the bride, in all but the Zulu form of the *märchen*. This hostility was natural when "exogamy" was the law of society, when a bride could only be won by capture from an unfriendly tribe. But the whole topic would be clearer if we knew more about "the custom of women" in India, mentioned by Urvasi. By way of showing how mythologists differ, it may be mentioned that Herr Felix Liebrecht takes Pururavas to be the fire-god.

Perhaps we owe Miss Yonge an apology for deserting her modern version of so strangely ancient a legend. Girls will be able to take an interest in her sweet and pretty heroine without exploring the savage origins of this modern novel.

NATURE'S BYPATHS.*

THE science in Dr. Taylor's popular writings may be somewhat thin, and the style of writing is far from being of the highest class; yet he is for the most part happy in his choice of subjects, and skilful in catering for the appetites of those whose intellectual food must not be too dry or solid. In previous volumes he has given plain but suggestive lessons upon flowers, country lanes, marine objects, geology, and life in the aquarium, fitted to the needs of beginners. He has now in *Nature's By-paths* struck out many fresh and pleasant walks in the wide domain of natural history. He brings to his task a genuine love of nature, and a quick eye for her teachings. Without going far beyond the limits of the British Islands he finds material enough for illustrating and enforcing some of the widest principles of geology, or of botany and physiology, showing how science can seize isolated and seemingly disconnected facts, and arrive by their aid at generalizations of the utmost significance to philosophy and most valuable in relation to national economy. To the holiday-maker he offers himself as a guide-familiar with rural haunts, and with the homes of the rarest plants, the choicest insects, and the most musical or beautiful birds. For the sportsman he is ready to point out where rod or gun may be most effectively plied, and for the farmer he has many a hint on soils and crops, on utilization of waste and multiplication of produce. His opening chapter, upon subterranean mountains, treats of the prospects of an increase of our supply of mineral fuel through the opening up of additional coal-bearing strata. It is no doubt possible that the lessening demand for coal, as electricity promises more and more to take its place not only for the purposes of lighting but as a motive power, may falsify some of the anxious apprehensions which have of late years been felt as to the probable duration of our coal supplies. Still the problem must remain for the present one of grave national importance. While the superficial geology of Great Britain has been fairly worked out, there is no little uncertainty as to the range and mutual bearings of the carboniferous strata, especially at great depths. Geologists and mining engineers are divided on the manifold issues presented by the question. The recent sub-Wealden exploration in Sussex has resulted in no practical extension of our coal-producing area, though it has thrown much light upon the set and distribution of the oolitic and associated rocks. By its means it seemed that we had struck the subterranean mountain chain which, on Mr. Godwin Austen's theory, runs continuously from about Bristol and South Wales to Belgium and Northern France. The like continuity might then be expected for the coal-bearing measures interspersed in the hollows or depressions of this series. It may be that in the Sussex boring a spot too far to the south was selected. More satisfactory results were obtained by the deep-well borings at Kentish Town, where rocks were reached of the Devonian character, a formation lying below the true coal-bearing series. The original carboniferous bed had apparently been here stripped off, but was still to be looked for in other places within the same range of strata. The borings for the Harwich water-works, 1,070 feet in depth, came upon the same ridge; and here the carboniferous or coal-bearing rocks were really touched, as is shown by the evidence of fossils. Encouragement is thus given to the enterprise of experimental borings in Norfolk and Suffolk. In West Lancashire, Leicestershire, and the neighbourhood of Lincoln experiments with the same object have been of late proposed, so that we may look ere long for information of national importance on this interesting question.

In his chapter on Submarine Forests Dr. Taylor goes widely into those changes in the growth of vegetable and animal life which mark the geological history of our existing group of islands. These wastes of formerly wooded land are especially noticeable along the coast of Norfolk. A striking measure of the encroachment of those sand dunes which assimilate large tracts of the landscape seawards to the aspect of Holland or the Landes on the Biscayan sea-coast is to be seen in old Eccles church, buried in the drifting sands, all but its round tower, which peeps out like some antediluvian well. Further north, cropping out at the feet of the cliffs, may be seen at low water traces of an old forest-bed ranging from Cromer as far as Southwold in Suffolk, a distance of nearly forty miles; how far seawards there are no means of calculating. That it forms no small portion of the bed of the German Ocean our author is doubtless right in believing. Fishermen are constantly dredging up portions of its vegetable soil, its old gnarled tree trunks, and its numerous mammalian remains:—

Underneath the sea hereabouts is one of the most striking evidences of an old land-surface known to geologists. Were this sea-bottom to be upheaved only forty yards (a mere trifle compared with what has taken place since the forest grew), then the whole of this strange phenomenon would be laid bare. Owing to the shallowness of the sea, dry land would stretch away from Flamborough Head to Heligoland and Jutland. Norfolk would once more be connected with the great Germanic plain, and England would

* *Nature's By-paths: a Series of Recreative Papers in Natural History*, By J. E. Taylor, Ph.D., F.L.S., F.G.S., &c., Editor of "Science Gossip." London: David Bogue. 1880.

become a westward prolongation of the European continent. The "deep-water channel" skirting the eastern coast would, under such circumstances, become the course of the Thames and its tributaries. Such a change would, in fact, almost restore to us the terrestrial conditions which existed when this now submarine Norfolk Forest-bed flourished.

The geological age of this phenomenon is pre-glacial; that is to say, it dates before the period of intense cold, when an arctic climate replaced our own, and before Great Britain had last sunk beneath a wintry sea, all but the tops of her highest mountains. The present cliffs under which the buried forest extends, since the latter rejoiced in its arboreal glory, have been formed as an immense mud-sheet along the bottom of that glacial sea. The huge masses of sand, gravel, and clay strewn over the Northern hemisphere down nearly to the fortieth parallel of latitude, have all been elaborated since the Norfolk submarine Forest ceased to exist. Our mountains have been sculptured by inorganic forces into their present shapes, many of our valleys have been eroded into their prevailing fertile and smiling conditions, old continents have gone down like foundering ships, and new seas overwhelmed their areas, since this Forest-bed was transposed from its superficial condition. And yet, geologically speaking, these vast changes are hardly to be compared to the mighty events which took place in ages long antecedent.

While the vegetable remains of this forest bed resemble most closely the existing flora of Great Britain, it is in its fauna altogether unlike the animal life of our day. All the geological changes referred to have taken place within the lifetime of existing species of plants and trees. Fresh-water shells, interspersed with marine and brackish-water species, show that the sea made periodical incursions over the low-lying portions of its area, which formed at one time the greater part of the floor of the German Ocean. Among the dense forests of oak, willow, alder, hazel, Scotch and spruce pine, roamed herds of wild horses, some of them larger than any of our day, with deer of grand stature and unique in form—a missing link with the ox, its horns or antlers exhibiting characters common to both. Remains of the tiger, bear, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, and beaver (nearly twice as large as any now living), fresh-water tortoises, and other animals long extinct, attest the utter change in animal life. The elephant bed has yielded the vestiges of at least three species of the great pachyderm, one of which, according to the late Dr. Falconer, must have been not less than sixteen or seventeen feet in height. The tusks of one with three feet broken off measure ten feet in length and nearly three feet in circumference. Teeth of the hairy elephant (mammoth) have been dredged up by the thousand in the nets of Norfolk fishermen. The Cromer forest bed, different in character, may be thought to be of pre-glacial age, before the strange physical change which wrapped Great Britain and most of the Northern hemisphere in a winding sheet of ice and snow like Greenland. That savage man may have been a denizen of those early woods our author thinks likely, from a flint celt, or stone axe, having been found embedded in one of the submerged trees. But the proofs of man's pre-glacial date are hardly strong enough for sober palæontologists.

The geological dispersion of animals and plants is well treated by Dr. Taylor in connexion with the laws of natural selection and adaptation to climatic changes. A thorough knowledge of tertiary palæontology and physical geology is needed, as he points out, to explain the anomalies of the existing distribution of our flora and fauna. Of these phenomena his space allows him to give but a slight and hasty outline. He has condensed into a popular summary the main conclusions arrived at by Mr. Andrew Murray in his elaborate work on the distribution of mammals, combining with them the computations of Mr. Croll as to the duration of the Glacial epoch. In illustration of the marked coincidence of geological barriers with the geographical distribution of plants, as shown in the instance of the commonest island plants, he refers to Sir William Hooker's admirable *Student's Flora of the British Islands*. Mr. Wallace's valuable writings have furnished even a larger part of his materials, and Mr. Bates's *Naturalist on the Amazons* has been laid under contribution for the origin and the affinities of the New World fauna and flora. Dr. Taylor is habitually candid in acknowledging his obligations, and conscientious in the use he makes of his authorities. His main object is to bring home to the reader of average capacity the unity and continuity of life in animals and plants. There is no longer, he contends, any possibility of severing between the various groups of living creatures and those of bygone ages. Divided as they are into epochs of relative antiquity, the lines of descent running through them all can be traced far back to the dim Laurentian age, becoming firmer and more definite as the student advances along the geological scale towards the present time. In the Tertiary species we find the nearest relation to existing representatives. The lowest organized types have the most cosmopolitan distribution, retaining with little change their original simple organization, higher and higher forms continually emerging under more favourable conditions in the progress of evolution. Kept back by their Arctic climate, the lichens from the high latitudes of the Southern hemisphere are found specifically identical with those growing in Europe. Of Foraminifera one species (*Webbina rugosa*) has continued in existence since the Liassic period. Among the commonest genera of fossils, several, as *Nautilus*, *Terebratula*, *Rhynchonella*, *Lingula*, *Mytilus*, *Modiola*, &c., have had a continuous range of existence, ever since Silurian times at the least. The Ganoid fishes of the Primary epoch are represented by our sturgeon and mud fish (*Ceratodus*). The marsupials, which alone of warm-blooded animals lived during the entire Secondary epoch (with the exception of such rare forms as the *Archæopteryx*, half-bird, half-reptile, with its allies) are found still living in lands so far apart as North America and Australia. The existing opossums

are very probably lineal descendants of the fossil forms of the Oolite. We may be even said to be still living in a Cretaceous epoch, the abysmal fauna dredged up from the ocean depths by the *Challenger* expedition having the character of our chalk beds. Such well-known cretaceous fossils as *Salenia* were obtained in the living state. The expedition also fished up *Calyptina* relicts, the nearest living representative of the well-known "fairy loaves" (*Ananchytes*) of our chalk strata. By a succession of facts like these, well put together, Dr. Taylor carries his readers through what might at first sight seem the hopeless confusion in which life is scattered over the earth, indicating everywhere the unity which springs out of diversity. "Thus studied in the dim light of the past, as well as in the more effectual illumination of the present, otherwise disjointed and broken facts start together like the dry bones in the prophetic vision, and become animated with the life which has filled the terrestrial creation from its earliest dawn until now." Our author is given to an occasional exuberance or gush of language, of the sort too common with those who write on popular science to allow us to hope that the habit may yield to criticism. We suppose we must accept it as the fashion of an age which loves to be startled, and lives upon sensation. He also deals in words and phrases which are new rather than happy, such as Arctic "climate," or "creational" wisdom and goodness. It is in descriptions of natural scenery, or of the life and manners of rural, seafaring, or fisher folk, that he is seen at his best. His style is then, for the most part, natural and pleasant to follow. To his reasoning powers we cannot always give the like amount of praise. In his chapter on Aquatic Engineers, for example, referring to the instinct of the beaver in building his dam in a bow shape, with the convex side towards the current, he goes on to say, "The reader will remember that in cataracts or waterfalls (that of Niagara, for instance), the platform over which the volume of water tumbles is shaped like a horseshoe. We see, therefore, that the mere shape of a structure has largely to do with the mechanic resistance to pressure or force." By what eccentric process of logic can he have confused what is simply the result of the increased abrasion of the rock by the rush of the Niagara in mid stream with a contrivance of nature for keeping back the process of disintegration? When a writer sets himself to instruct and entertain the less critical or educated classes of the community, especially in matters relating to science, he should make it his first duty never to mislead them.

EARLY METHODISM.*

MR. ROWE'S story, as we learn from the advertisements, has been welcomed with extravagant praise by two very different classes of critics—first, by those who evidently know nothing whatever about the history of early Methodism; and, secondly, by those who ought, *ex officio*, to know a great deal about it. The ordinary literary critic, as he reads Mr. Rowe's pages, finds himself in what has hitherto been to him an undiscovered country. He takes a glib "personal conductor" to be an expert scholar and antiquary, and he is surprised and charmed with the novelty, like a young girl on her first Continental tour. The demands of the sectarian critic run in another direction. He is satisfied at finding that all the uncritical traditions and hereditary illusions of modern Methodism have been adopted wholesale and without examination by Mr. Rowe, whose father was a Wesleyan preacher. Hence, while the inexpert literary critic praises the story for its originality and novelty, the expert sectarian critic praises it even more warmly because of the absence of these two qualities.

The legend of Early Methodism, as related by modern Wesleyan story-tellers, biographers, and historians, may be said to exhibit three leading characters or types. First and chiefest, there is "the Grand Old Methodist"—the title which is almost invariably bestowed upon every early member of the Society, whether preacher or hearer, and in many instances most deservedly. Secondly, there is the savage and dissolute Anglican parish priest. "Think," exclaims Mr. T. P. Bunting, in his gushing introduction to Mr. Rowe's tale, "think of the grand old Methodist driven from house and home by one of such a clergy as Macaulay describes—a brutal and irreligious hireling, heading mobs or sneakily countenancing them, hunting his victim into poverty and shame, and sometimes to a violent death." It is a pity that Mr. Bunting did not produce the passage in which Lord Macaulay has described the persecution and murder of certain grand old Methodists by certain Anglican clergymen. "Such a clergy as Macaulay describes" is an oddly slipshod and anachronistic description of the contemporaries of William Law, Bishop Butler, Bishop Warburton, Fletcher, and Toplady. Each of these clerical authors had a clerical reading public. Each name may stand for a different cultivated type amongst the English parochial clergy in the eighteenth century, who varied widely from one another in the character of their culture. There is no ground for believing that the priesthood, as a whole, was "brutal"; or that it was "irreligious," except in a fanatical sense of that word. According to the Methodist legend, however, as it is now received by modern Wesleyans, with all the accretions added to it by the unhistorical imagination of platform and pulpit orators, the exceptional type of English parson—such as undoubtedly existed, and is to be found here and there in Wesley's journals, and in some

* Passages from the *Diary of an Early Methodist*. By the late Richard Rowe. London: Strahan & Co.

of the autobiographies of his preachers—was almost universal, and was breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the Methodists in nearly every parish in England. The third figure in the Early Methodist legend, as received of faith in the modern Methodist "Churches," is the ignorant and drunken mobman, who is hounded on by his parish priest to ill-treat the Methodist preacher. There are two variations of the last type. The one is converted, and becomes a preacher, or, according to Mr. Bunting's curious phraseology, ceases to "remain distinctively a layman"; the other is hardened, instead of being converted, under the Methodist sermons, continues to go regularly to church and to the village inn, plays at cards and dances, and is finally struck dead by some "judgment." In certain platform expansions of the story a fourth legendary figure, or rather group of figures, is occasionally introduced. We are shown two generations of the Anglican Episcopate madly energetic at the baleful work of driving the Wesleys, Fletcher, Grimshaw, and their followers out of the national Church. Mr. Rowe's version of the legend, however, omits this episcopal type. The only bishop whom he introduces is more respectable than his priests are, but more characterless.

The value of Mr. Bunting's testimonial on behalf of Mr. Rowe's writings, which he commends in the lump, may be tested by examining one or two characteristic specimens of his jerky and rhapsodical criticism. He states it as his opinion that "these pages cast a stronger light upon the earliest Methodism than has been shed by any—of course excepting the two Wesleys in their respective published *Journals*—who have hitherto contributed to its history." The statement is absurd. Mr. Rowe's story is a sham "Diary," which the imaginary hero, a Mr. Pidgeon, who was converted in the year 1744, regularly kept up until the year 1747. At this period the Methodist preachers were still few in number, but there was scarcely one of them—perhaps there was not one—who did not scrupulously keep his diary or write his autobiography. The historical worthlessness of Mr. Pidgeon's imaginary diary, with its anachronistic affectations, with its nineteenth-century views and prejudices uttered in a tone supposed to be that of the eighteenth century, will become evident to any one who will be at the pains to read the actual autobiographies of early Methodist preachers, such as the charming and vigorous "Journal of Mr. John Nelson," or the "Life of Mr. John Haime." The latter fought as a private soldier at the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, and has given a series of lively interior pictures of the campaign in Flanders, including a Methodist portrait of the Duke of Cumberland, and stories of the curious rivalry between the Antinomian preachers and the Methodist preachers in the English camp. The unreal Mr. Pidgeon is represented as the contemporary of these two very real men, who were among the earliest of Wesley's lay preachers. Neither John Nelson nor John Haime discovered, as Mr. Bunting has discovered, that by beginning to preach he "ceased to remain distinctively a layman." They were both zealous churchmen; and Haime, who had six hundred hearers among his fellow-soldiers, complained to the Duke of Cumberland of the infrequent celebration of the Eucharist by the army chaplains. The Duke thereupon "ordered that it should be administered every Lord's Day, to one regiment or the other." But the almost innumerable Methodist diaries, taken by themselves, full as they often are of valuable glimpses of contemporary social life and other contributions to English *Kultur-geschichte*, cast only a partial and a coloured light upon the history and heroes of Methodism. They must be read by the student and the critic side by side with the diaries and letters of the opponents of Methodism. Thus, by comparing the *Life of Mr. Thomas Olivers, Written by Himself*, with the Letters of Toplady, we discover that each of these rival hymn-writers, unknown to the other, has described the visit of Toplady to Wesley's book-room, the visit of Olivers to Blackfriars Church, and their controversy on predestinarianism and free-will. Calvinists have read one account and Methodists have read the other; but how few have read both! It is instructive to find that each represented himself as the victor. The author of the hymn "Rock of Ages" has contributed some lively and not unkindly touches towards the complete portraiture of the famed Thomas Olivers which are wanting in that Methodist diarist's picture of himself. "What pleased me most," writes Toplady, "was that appearance of honesty, by which he is so greatly distinguished from the old fox, Mr. John Wesley. In person, he is rather low of stature, of a full make, pale and broad-faced, and considerably disfigured by the small-pox. His wig was fitter for a bishop than for a shoemaker. I am not without hope that God will lead him into the way of Truth. He is, I believe, extremely sincere; and the promise runs 'Them that are upright will He learn His way.'" Toplady gives us an undress glimpse of another hero of early Methodism, Joseph Cownley, whose life is included in the hagiological series which is republished at intervals by the Wesleyan Conference Office. Going to the Foundry to buy a copy of Wesley's last printed Journal, Toplady found Cownley there. "In the course of my stay," he says, "I took out my snuff-box. Mr. Cownley asked for a pinch. As I held it to him, I said, with a smile, 'Is it not against the law of this place for a believer to take snuff?' Mr. Cownley huddled the matter up by alleging that he was troubled with a headache. Immediately on which, one of the good women said, directing herself to me, 'O Sir, Mr. Wesley has no objection to people's taking snuff medically.'" Mr. Bunting gives it as his opinion that "it is doubtful whether

John Wesley's biography will ever be fitly written," and he expresses a wish that "Robert Southey, when he essayed the task, and with so much success, had been of the number of Wesley's elect disciples!" He evidently thinks that Mr. Rowe is to be preferred above Southey as a biographer and historian of Methodism. He tells us that Mr. Rowe, in order to fit himself for the invention of Pidgeon's Diary, "had to make himself full master of the past of a sect whose history, until very recently, has commanded little general attention." If this is what he "had" to do, we can only say that he has not done it. And he has failed to do it for that very reason which Mr. Bunting puts forward as the ground of his exceptional fitness for doing it. "In the present case," says Mr. Bunting, "the knowledge was very easy of acquisition. The writer was the son of a Methodist preacher of the average type, and of an epoch extending during some portion of the half-century which immediately succeeded John Wesley's death." Perhaps Mr. Bunting also thinks that Southey's *Life of Nelson* would have been a better book if Southey's father had been a sailor. Mr. Rowe plainly inherited traditions from which he never freed himself; his historical outlook was limited by them; and though Mr. Bunting credits him with "art," he made no use of those cross-lights which are thrown upon early Methodist history and biography in the literature, diaries, and correspondence of its antagonists. The Bishop of Liverpool, at the Leicester Church Congress, said that "Archbishop Cornwallis and Bishop Lavington talked all manner of foolish things" about the Wesleys and the early Methodists. Dr. Ryle appears to have accepted without scrutiny the received Wesleyan legend that the Anglican clergy who opposed Wesley and his preachers were either bigoted High Churchmen, worldly Establishmentarians, or brutal and dissolute rakes. Has Dr. Ryle ever read the *Dialogue between a Methodist and a Churchman* by the saintly ascetic and mystic, the early director of Wesley, and the real father of the new spiritual movement in England in the eighteenth century? "Messieurs of the Foundry and the Tabernacle," wrote William Law, "seem to have no other bottom to stand upon but that of zeal." He speaks of the "emptiness and pertness" of Wesley's writings, "below the character of any man who had been serious in religion but half a month. It was not ability but necessity that put his pen into his hand. He had condemned my books, preached much against them, and to make all sure, forbid his people the use of them; and for a cover to all this, he promised from time to time to write against them. What you happen to hear from Mr. John Wesley concerning me and my books, let it die with you. Wish him God-speed in everything that is good." In 1756 Law wrote to one of his correspondents, "I was once a kind of oracle with Mr. Wesley. I never suspected anything bad of him, or ever discovered any kind or degree of falsehood or hypocrisy in him. But during all the time of his intimacy with me, I judged him to be much under the power of his own spirit, which seemed to have the predominance in every good thing or way that his zeal carried him to." Can the "Evangelical" Bishop of Liverpool possibly be unaware that the most relentless of all the foes of Wesley and Methodism was the brilliant Calvinistic dialectician, the pious Evangelical father, the author of the hymn "Rock of Ages," Augustus Toplady? Toplady, in the preface to one of his tracts against Wesley, speaks of the doctrine compounded by "Pope John" and delivered by him to "Cardinal Fletcher" of Madeley, and to his lay-preachers, for distribution all over England, as "gross Heathenism, Pelagianism, Mahometanism, Popery, Manichæism, Ranterism, and Antinomianism." He wrote to Richard Hill, "Tenderness, it is evident, has no good effect on Mr. Wesley and his pretended family of love. Witness the rancour with which Mr. Hervey's memory and works are treated by that lovely family." He refers to the author of those popular "Evangelical classics," *Theron and Aspasio and Meditations among the Tombs*. "The envy, malice, and fury of Wesley's party," he wrote to the younger Ryland, "are inconceivable. But, as violently as they hate me, I dare not, I cannot, hate them in return. I have not so learned Christ." Writing to Samuel Naylor, he speaks of "that inveterate troubler of Israel, Mr. J. Wesley. God is witness," he adds, "how earnestly I wish it may consist with the Divine Will to touch the heart and open the eyes of that unhappy man. I hold it as much my duty to pray for his conversion as to expose the futility of his railings against the truths of the Gospel." In a letter to a clergyman in New York he says:—"Your idea of Mr. J. Wesley and his associates exactly tallies with mine. Abstracted from all warmth and from all prejudice, I believe him to be the most rancorous hater of the Gospel system that ever appeared in this island. I except not Pelagius himself. The latter had some remains of modesty." When Toplady applied the quality "Evangelical" to a clergyman, he meant that he was anti-Methodist. He calls the Methodists "that virulent sect." None of the Establishmentarian prelates, the clerical mob-leaders, or the Latitudinarian preachers of the Tillotson school, who fill the place of the typical English clergyman in the Methodist legend, can have exceeded this renowned and canonized "Evangelical" in the bitterness and fierceness of their opposition to Methodism.

Mr. Rowe's tale is not only worthless as a help to the understanding of Methodist history, but it is equally defective as a work of "art." True art is tolerant, and its method of painting clerical portraits may be seen in *Adam Bede* and the *Scenes of Clerical Life*. The tricks of Mr. Rowe's story are the contrary to art. The "Diary" is composed in the language of the seventeenth century, which was not that of the middle of the eighteenth. We

find "tis" and "twas" for "it is" and "it was," "methinks" and "methought" for "I think" and "I thought"—anachronistic affectations which do not occur in any of the genuine early Methodist autobiographies. Neither did Mr. Wesley's lay-preachers ever waste their time and wit, as the fanciful Mr. Pidgeon is made to do, in attempts at the phonetic spelling of the dialects of Bristol and Newcastle. Many of their diaries were originally compiled for their great master's eye, and Wesley would not have been a very patient reader of the flourishes, affectations, and attempts at picturesque style with which the imaginary Mr. Pidgeon loads his narrative. Nor is it probable that a poor Methodist preacher in the middle of the eighteenth century would have had Mr. Pidgeon's enthusiasm for Gothic architecture. He is made to conjecture that Glastonbury Abbey "must have been exceeding fine," and to state that the columns of Gloucester Cathedral are "exceeding fine." Neither would he have said that "the spelling (in the Breeches Bible) is exceeding quaint," nor thought the houses in Newcastle "exceeding quaint."

HINE'S NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.*

THIS history of Nottingham Castle was, as the date on the title-page shows, published some four years ago; but the opening of the Museum in the Castle by the Prince of Wales gave occasion for the issue of a second edition, with a Supplement. The two quarto volumes together make a brave show, being bound in that white cloth which, while fresh, may aspire to be mistaken for vellum, and being elaborately ornamented with a device in black and gold, bearing the phoenix rising from its ashes, which at first sight suggests an insurance-office, but which, we presume, refers to the renovation of the Castle after its destruction by the Reform Bill rioters of 1831. Inside, the work is embellished with many photographs, copies of old plans, and woodcuts, those in the Supplement being, we understand, reproductions of some which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic* at the time of the Prince of Wales's visit. Altogether it is quite the style of book to lie on a drawing-room table, and, as the profits arising from its sale are to go to the Museum fund, it is clearly the duty of every good townsman of Nottingham who owns a best parlour to provide himself with a copy. The title—*Nottingham; its Castle, a Military Fortress, a Royal Palace, a Ducal Mansion, a Blackened Ruin, a Museum and Gallery of Art*—may be thought to savour of the sensational, and is certainly rather long; but we gather that the author intends the work to be cited by the briefer, though still rather awkward, title of *Nottingham, its Castle*.

The first volume is in the form of annals, which, in the earlier part at least, do not seem to be of a high order of historical merit. William Peverel still figures as the illegitimate son of William the Conqueror, as if Mr. Freeman had never pointed out that the affiliation rests on nothing but "the uncorroborated assertions of a herald," and has not a particle of contemporary evidence in its favour. Richard Cœur de Lion is re-crowned "in order to nullify the King's submission to the Emperor Leopold when in captivity"—an ingenious rolling together of the Emperor Henry VI. and Leopold Duke of Austria, somewhat resembling the still more ingenious manner in which the Elizabethan dramatists combined the Duke of Austria and the Viscount of Limoges. John in the ante-regnal period of his life appears under the modern title of "Prince John," just as he does in *Ivanhoe*; and the statement that he "was pardoned and returned to Nottingham Castle, where he resided in a style of dazzling hospitality and magnificence," though it may be perfectly true, reads like a bit out of *Rebecca and Rowena*. For the purposes of historical students, it is not satisfactory to be informed that "the chronicler states" so-and-so, without any hint as to which of all possible chroniclers may be intended. As a rule, however, to do the writer justice, he generally names his authorities, from William of Malmesbury and Matthew Paris to the late Mr. Hepworth Dixon and Mr. Adams's *Women of Fashion*. The question on which he has expended most historical criticism is the reported eleven years' captivity of King David of Scotland in a dungeon of Nottingham Castle. Mrs. Hutchinson gives the local tradition in the form which it had assumed at her day. After speaking of the caverns in the Castle Rock, she adds:—"In one of these places, it is reported, that one David, a Scotch king, was kept in cruel durance, and with his nayles, had scratcht on the wall the story of Christ and his twelve apostles." The historical student will note the curious vagueness and indifference with which so highly educated a woman as Mrs. Hutchinson speaks of "one David, a Scotch king." David II., captured at the battle of Neville's Cross in 1346, is a perfectly well-ascertained historical personage; but it is evident that to Mrs. Hutchinson he was as hazy a figure as some deceased King of the Zulus or the Basutos would be to us. Our author comments on the extent to which the legend had grown between the time of Camden and that of

Mrs. Hutchinson. Camden only mentions carvings of the Passion, "*et alia*," said to have been by the hand of King David of Scotland; the Twelve Apostles, the scratching "with his nayles," are improvements upon the earlier version. The dungeon with its carvings, of which Camden writes as if he had himself seen them, is now not to be found, though excavations in search of it were made in 1720 and in 1864 by the then Dukes of Newcastle, and additional excavations for the Museum cellars; and the conclusion Mr. Hine comes to is that there is no evidence better than local tradition that David was ever lodged in such a dungeon, or that the carvings were his work, although he may very probably have been quartered in Nottingham Castle on his road to the Tower of London. "Mortimer's Hole" is another subject in which the author takes much interest, though he has not succeeded in making it equally interesting to his readers. He informs us of his discovery in 1864 of the spiral staircase leading from the secret passage, and we should be well pleased to hear something more of it; but all the discoverer has to tell is that it "formerly led into the heart of the Norman fortress, and was an object of great interest to the Lincoln Diocesan Architectural Society, who held their annual meeting in Nottingham." We expect that at least we are to hear what that learned body said about the object of great interest; but the writer only flies off to inform us that "One of the gatherings was held in the drill hall formed in the kitchen court of the Castle, and was presided over by the present Bishop of London"; after which he drops the subject.

It is fair to the author to say that he does not seem to have intended to do more than to arrange in chronological sequence historical and architectural notes which he thought "would form an acceptable handy-book to those who might visit the Castle in its new capacity as a Museum of Art," though anything less like a handy-book than the gorgeous scrap-book before us it would not be easy to conceive. We are not ourselves very fond of books made up of cuttings and jottings; and we think the author would have done better to throw his facts from the first into a connected narrative, such as he has given in the Supplement with regard to the conversion of the Castle into a Museum. The interest of the earlier volume lies mainly in its photographs and plans, and in quaint extracts and scraps of local history. We find a note of the date (1503) of the first tiled roof in Nottingham, and of the demolition, about 1854, of the last thatched roof. Another note tells us of the appointment in 1501 of a Public Pavior or "Borough Engineer," with a salary of thirty-four shillings a year and an official gown. Mr. Hine prints "Borough Engineer" in inverted commas, as if it was the contemporary title, which yet does not sound probable. Under 1607 is noted the "Commencement of Corporation Debt," with the modest sum of 20*l.*, towards which Sir H. Pierrepont subscribed 40*s.* The year 1615 saw the erection of the first brick house in Nottingham. How fine the street architecture of the borough was, even as late as 1741, may be learned from the frontispiece, representing Week-day Cross, the Assize and Sessions Hall, the Council House, the Gaols for felons and for debtors, and "a place where Tanners used to lay up their Leather," a row of gabled houses, the ground-floor brick or stone, but all above in splendid black and white timber work.

To return to our annals, in the reign of James I. the Castle was granted to Francis Earl of Rutland, who "suffered the building to get into a very dilapidated state." It afterwards passed to his grandson, the Duke of Buckingham, and by him was sold in 1674 to William Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle. After pausing for a moment over the entry in 1638 of "Seven scolds ordered to be ducked," we find ourselves amid the turmoil of the Civil Wars. We need hardly remind our readers that it was at Nottingham that Charles I. raised his standard, or recall to them how Nottingham Castle was held for the Parliament by Colonel Hutchinson. Mr. Hine prints from the Stretton MSS. in the Nottingham Free Public Reference Library a curious set of orders to be enforced within the garrison in Nottingham, signed by Colonel Hutchinson and Major Nix, and dated "Sabbath, December [erasure] 1644." Drinking and Sabbath-breaking are the offences against which they are chiefly directed. The sanctity with which the Puritan mind surrounded the institution of preaching is shown by the fact that to "bee found idley standinge or walkinge in the streets in sermon tyme" is punished with the same severity as the offence of "playing at any games upon the sabbath or fast day." Disciples of Sir Wilfrid Lawson will no doubt be interested in seeing how the drink traffic was regulated by so eminent a temperance advocate as Colonel Hutchinson, who, so his wife tells us, "procured unnecessary alehouses to be putt downe in all the townes" in his own part of the country, and was, as she admits, "a little severe against drunkennesse, for which the drunkards would sometimes raile att him." Within the garrison at Nottingham there was to be no consumption of "wine, ale, or beere," either on or off the premises, on Sabbath or fast days, or "after the houre of nyne of the clock at night, when the Tap-too beats," on any day. Those curious in orthography will note the spelling of the word we know as *tattoo*; further on the morning drum appears as "the Revelly." One loophole only is left for thirty souls on Sabbath and fast day—they might send out to the tavern for liquor "upon an extraordinary occasion for one that is sick"; and there is no appearance that a medical certificate was necessary. The penalties for any breach of the regulations fell upon the publican who supplied the drink, as well as upon the drinker; a third, or, in one case, a second, offence "disenabled"

* *Nottingham; its Castle, a Military Fortress, a Royal Palace, a Ducal Mansion, a Blackened Ruin, a Museum and Gallery of Art. With Notes relating to the Borough of Nottingham.* By Thomas Chambers Hine, F.S.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. Nottingham: J. Derry. 1876.

Supplement to *Nottingham; its Castle, &c.* By Thomas Chambers Hine, F.S.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. Nottingham: J. Derry. 1879.

him "for selling wine, ale, or beere, any more." The fine for drunkenness at any time was heavy:—

If anyone shall be drunke, he shall pay five shillings, or suffer imprisonment till hee pay the same; and the mr of the house where he was made drunke shall pay 2s., and likewise suffer imprisonment till hee pay the same.

The only specially military regulation—for the others apply to all persons within the garrison—is one which inflicts upon any soldier found drinking in his quarters after the "Tap-too" a fine of 2s., with the alternative of "24 hours imprisonment with bread and water." Whether Nottingham ale had in Colonel Hutchinson's time acquired the great reputation which it afterwards enjoyed the writer does not tell us; but he mentions Oliver Goldsmith's reminiscences of the Globe Tavern in Fleet Street and its jovial song—"Nottingham Ale, boys, Nottingham Ale, no liquor on earth like Nottingham Ale."

Before leaving Colonel Hutchinson, we may mention a point connected with his family on which the writer has been provokingly reticent. Under 1656, in the days of Oliver's Protectorate, we read "Presentment made against Lady Hutchinson, mother-in-law [step-mother?] of Colonel Hutchinson, for having music in her house on the High Pavement." One would like to know a little more about the ground of this presentment. Did the lady's neighbours find her music a nuisance? or was it of too light and worldly a kind for those austere days? or did she indulge in it on Sabbaths or fast-days or at other tabooed seasons? So, too, one wishes Mr. Hine had been more diffuse upon "Joan Phillips, a notorious highway-woman, executed in Wilford Lane," in 1685. The same year is also rendered illustrious in the annals of Nottingham by the Princess Anne taking up her abode at the Castle, where she is said to have worked the tapestry in the dining-room. "The Corporation," Mr. Hine tells us, "declined to accept the honour of maintaining a guard of honour, on the ground of being considerably in debt, but afterwards plucked up courage and subscribed 100*l.* towards the same." Altogether the Princess Anne must have been rather an affliction to the Corporation, for, at a later time—seemingly when she ran away from her father to Nottingham in 1688—the Corporation service of pewter plate was borrowed for her use at the Castle, and never found its way back again. However, in spite of this loss and of their debts, the Corporation were able to entertain King William in 1695 at a banquet which cost 40*l.*, and to present him with a purse of 100 guineas. About this time, under the title of "Town's husband," they set up a butler to have the charge of public festivities. Their offerings to the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, who visited Nottingham in 1704, do not sound extravagant—a dozen of wine to the Duke, a dozen loaves of sugar from the wives of the members of the Corporation to the Duchess. Their finances were still evidently in a bad way, as we find that in 1716 they sold over three hundred acres of land at Maunsell in Derbyshire to pay off their debts. They had their political troubles, too, for in the previous year "The Mayor, Mr. Thomas Hawksley, was deposed for having on his bare knees drunk success to the Pretender." There are some interesting particulars about Marshal Tallard, who, after his capture at Blenheim, was sent as a prisoner on parole to Nottingham, where he lived in a stone-fronted house in Castle Gate, and occupied himself with laying out near it a large garden, "which was the admiration of the whole neighbourhood." "The Marshal also introduced into Nottingham French Rolls, and cultivated the Celery plant, which he found growing spontaneously" (why could not Mr. Hine have said "growing wild," which we take to be his meaning?) "in the ditches at Lenton."

Our space is drawing to an end; but we must quote a story which illustrates the free and easy way of a Bishop of the Hanoverian period, though it also shows that there were clergymen among whom stricter ideas of ecclesiastical decorum prevailed:—

If it were another fashion of the age to drink and smoke in vestries, St. Mary's, Nottingham, would seem to be an exception, for in 1724, Dr. Reynolds, the then newly appointed Bishop of Lincoln, having retired to the Vestry after a confirmation he had been holding, sent the clerk to fetch some of the always-famed Nottingham ale, pipes, and tobacco; but as these were being borne up the nave of the Church by the clerk he encountered the Vicar, Mr. Disney, who, after asking him on whose account he was thus laden, indignantly ordered him to retire, exclaiming that neither bishop nor archbishop should make a tippling house of St. Mary's, so long as he was its vicar.

We must also pause over the attractive account of the hospitalities of a certain Miss Kirby, who resided in the Castle about 1798. This lady was wont to give oyster suppers, at which "all the barrels were enveloped in white satin, and a bag attached to the chair of each guest as a receptacle for the shells." The century opens with "Vaccination introduced by Mr. Attenboro, Surgeon," and with the notice of the erection of "an impromptu gallows" in the Forest, "for the accommodation," as Mr. Hine elegantly words it, "of John Atkinson, convicted of forgery, the permanent one having been stolen the night before the execution." On the history of Nottingham during the present century our limits will not permit us to dwell. It will be seen by the specimens we have given that there is much amusing miscellaneous information in the book, though we cannot regard it very highly as a literary production. We feel, however, that our opinion, favourable or otherwise, need not be of the slightest importance to the author. He is honoured, as we learn from a newspaper advertisement which has been sent to us together with the book, with the approbation of the present Prime Minister. The genius which

governs us, as Napoleon's panegyrists were wont to say, sees all and neglects nothing. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone has found time to go over Mr. Hine's work, and avows himself "much struck by the great interest it possesses, and the great research and assiduity it displays." It is only just to the author that we should conclude with this testimonial from so high a quarter.

BOOK PLATES.*

A PLEASANT book on a dry subject is a boon to readers. Yet how seldom are they favoured with it, and how often is a pleasant subject spoiled by dry treatment! It might be supposed, in the absence of experience to the contrary, that the armorial bearings pasted into books by their owners would afford but a barren field for literary cultivation. But Mr. Warren has contrived to satisfy several different kinds of requirements in the book before us, having combined the dry with the entertaining in very just proportions. His work is really what it professes to be—a guide. But it is something more; for it is amusing reading, except of course in those parts in which bare lists are given. To the lists, however, the book owes its permanent value, and in these days, when everybody seems to collect something, they will open out a new and not unworthy line. Book plates are surely better than postage-stamps—much better than walking-sticks and tobacco-pipes. The pity is that they must be taken out of the books in which they are found. In some cases the books are not worth the book plates; but in a great many an interesting association is obliterated by the process. Be this as it may, however, and assuming that it is a right and proper thing in all cases to separate the book and the plate, we turn to Mr. Warren for instruction and "a guide to the study."

As to our English term "book plate" Mr. Warren observes that it is beyond question both clumsy and ambiguous. Abroad the term is used *ex-libris*; but we cannot agree with Mr. Warren in thinking it preferable, although, as he says, if you enter a third-rate print-shop or a country bookseller's, and ask for book plates, you will be handed plates which have served to illustrate books. Yet the use of the term in the special, or, as Mr. Warren calls it, the technical, sense can only be traced back to the year 1791, when it is used of some of Hogarth's early engravings by his biographer Ireland; though, twenty years earlier, Horace Walpole almost used it, for he speaks of a "plate to put in Lady Oxford's books" being engraved by George Vertue. The thing without a name is much older, as old as Albert Dürer at least; but "the general antiquary will be surprised to learn that we have as yet no English book plate with a date to record earlier than the Restoration." The oldest yet identified bears the name of "Francis Hil," 1668, the 68 being filled in with a pen. The second described is that of "Gilbert Nicholson of Balrath in the county of Meath, Esq., 1669."

But the oldest date occurs on a plate engraved in or about 1724 for Sir Francis Fust, a baronet whose predecessor, Sir Edward, had been so created in 1662, the date Sir Francis puts after his own name. By a misprint Mr. Warren adds a third to the number dated within the first decade after the Restoration, for the arms and motto of Cavendish occur, he says, on a plate dated 1668; but as this occurs between two dated 1698, it is evident that the 9 has been turned upside down. On the next page, unfortunately, is another misprint, where we find 1798 for 1698. The whole number of book plates thus dated in the seventeenth century is exceedingly small, only amounting to those of thirteen persons, some of whom, however, had two. But in Germany the practice began much earlier. Not only Dürer, as we have said, but several other contemporary engravers, executed them. Beham made one for the Archbishop Albert of Mentz, his patron. An impression of it, believed to be unique, is in the Print Room at the French Bibliothèque Nationale, but seems to have escaped Mr. Warren's notice. It is undated and unsigned, but is unquestionably by this "little master," and must therefore have been engraved about 1534, when he was in the service of the Archbishop. The best-known of Dürer's is a woodcut designed for his friend Billibald Pirckheimer, the Nuremberg jurist. Of this Mr. Warren gives a copy. He adds some particulars about Pirckheimer's library which are of interest. It was long in the possession of the Royal Society, to which it was presented by Henry Duke of Norfolk, whose ancestor, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, a great miscellaneous collector, had bought it in Germany. "A few years ago," says Mr. Warren, "a good many volumes of this Pirckheimer library, all containing the Dürer *ex-libris*, were sold by the Royal Society as duplicates; one of these I purchased for the sake of the book plate, as did most other book-plate collectors at that time." This sale, of which we are not aware that the Royal Society ever condescended to offer any public explanation, was perhaps not strictly of duplicates. It is hardly likely, for instance, that it contained duplicates of all the rare tracts by the Reformers which were presented to Pirckheimer with autograph inscriptions by the authors. One collector purchased a volume containing eighteen such pamphlets, each bearing the name of Eobanus Hessus, in his own writing; and another an interleaved copy, uncut, of a rare Testament, edited by Erasmus. The woodcut titles were the attraction to one class of buyers, many of

* A Guide to the Study of Book Plates. By the Hon. J. Leicester Warren, M.A. London: Pearson. 1880.

them having been previously unknown; but Mr. Warren is perhaps hardly correct in stating that Pirckheimer's plate was in every volume.

The most amusing chapter in Mr. Warren's book is headed "Mottoes directed against Borrowers." Next to an umbrella, he observes sadly, there is no item of personal property concerning the appropriation of which such lax ideas of morality are current as with regard to a book. This is too true, as any one unselfish enough to lend can testify. "The *ex-libris*," we are told, "is the mature act of book preservation, and to engrave thereon some fulmination against the borrower is a virtuous and commendable proceeding." In the books of one Sherlock Willis is a plate dated 1756 with this text:—"The ungodly borroweth and payeth not again"—from Psalm XXXVII. Against such a motto must be set the celebrated "Jo. Grolerii et Amicorum." Mr. Warren, who thinks David Garrick right in refusing to lend his Shakspeare quartos to Dr. Johnson, is as pathetic as Richard of Bury about people "who perpetrate such atrocities as moistening their thumbs to turn a page over," or who read at breakfast and use the butter-knife as a marker. Some warning mottoes, of which Mr. Warren gives many specimens, are not unworthy of being placed in good books. Theodore Christopher Lilienthal, in 1750, put into his books this neat couplet, under a picture of lilies surrounded by bees, perhaps an allusion to his own name:—

Utter concessio sed nullus abutere libro.
Lilia non maculat sed modo tangit apis.

He lived before Mr. Darwin's views as to the fertilization of flowers by insects had been promulgated. Another form, not so sweet by any means, often occurs in mediæval books:—

Si quis hunc librum rapiat aeclestus,
Atque furtivis manibus prehendant,
Pergat at tetras Acherontis undas
Non rediturus.

Another contains the text from the Parable of the Ten Virgins, "Go ye rather to them that sell and buy for yourselves." Another quaint quotation bears, however, a different interpretation. It is from the Apocalypse—"Accipe librum et devora illum." This is accompanied by a picture of St. John receiving from the angel the book he was to eat.

Among book plates of historic interest Mr. Warren enumerates those of Burnet, Penn, Harley, Prior, and Sterne, with others. Sterne's represented the bust of a young man, perhaps Juvenal or Martial, placed on a slab. "To right and left of the bust lies a closed book. On the first volume is inscribed 'Alas, poor Yorick!' On the second 'Tristram Shandy.' Below, across the outer face of the stonework of the slab, is written in cursive hand *Laurence Sterne*." It seems likely that Sterne designed his own plate. "He was a musician and an artist of the usual amateur level." Horace Walpole's three plates are all common, at least among collectors, his earliest being very delicately engraved with his arms. The third was a woodcut by Thomas Bewick, who cut many book plates. There are three also belonging to John Wilkes, "the friend of Liberty." One of the woodcut book plates in imitation or emulation of Bewick's has the motto, cut on a rock,

My books, the silent friends of joy and woe.

The earliest motto on a book plate is probably that of Pirckheimer, "Incitum Sapiencie Timor Domini." Mr. Warren gives a facsimile of another, belonging to a certain Flemish priest about 1750, who is represented sitting surrounded by well-filled shelves. Below is the motto—

In tali nunquam lassat venatio sylva.

Mr. Warren makes no separate mention of the memorial book plates which sometimes occur. In a family Bible this inscription under a coat-of-arms was recently found:—"Caroli Garrett, Arm. perlongæ amicitie pignus, nati 4^{to} Augusti 1674; denati 17^{to} Septis. 1748." The dates make this an interesting example. Some from foreign sources are of the same kind, and are incidentally noticed; but Mr. Warren rather tantalizes his reader by speaking in his preface of a notice of "Legacy *ex-libris* and College Prizes," which he never gives, and by saying in the concluding chapter that materials have so increased upon his hands that he has been compelled to omit at least half a dozen already written chapters. Yet the whole volume contains less than 250 pages. The number of misprints is rather disproportioned to the size of the book. But we are not inclined to find fault. The reader who has the smallest taste for collecting in general—and who has not in these days?—will find it easy to get through even the lists. "In tali nunquam lassat venatio sylva," we may repeat with Father Bosch.

We miss an index of a general kind. A table of contents at the beginning of the book would have done as well, since there are full and excellent indexes to the dated book plates described.

MONSELL DIGBY.

IT is probably a modest and well-founded fear of competing on hopelessly unequal terms with *Shirley* which has deterred most budding novelists in the Northern counties from attempting the subject of the troublesome years between Waterloo and the Reform Bill. The subject, to any one acquainted with it, can hardly fail to be enticing. In the first place, the moving accident presents itself in plenty. The frame and machine riots, the opening

up of the vast and primitive solitudes east and west of the Pennine Range to commerce and trade, the racy individuality of the people, and the strangeness of their dialect, together make a grand set-off to novel-writing. There is, moreover, the great advantage of not being likely to tread upon anybody's corns. No one, Liberal or Tory, nowadays defends the culpable license which Lord Sidmouth and Lord Liverpool allowed to their paid spies, whereby weak-minded persons were egged on to the commission of crimes for which they were afterwards punished. No one believes that the great towns could have gone on indefinitely without representation, though perhaps some people may think that the unreformed Parliament was a much better machine for its purpose than the doubly or trebly reformed Parliament is. Public opinion has long decided against a parish clergyman who took his stipend and did nothing for it, against a borough-monger who simply sold his boroughs to Joseph Hume or to George Selwyn, so that on the whole the situation is just ripe for the novelist. The Satans against whom he has to fight are extinct Satans, and nobody is in their pay or interest.

Mr. Marshall's book, it may be said at once, is a great deal better than nine out of ten books which are received from unknown writers. Its chief drawback is a drawback not uncommon with that class of novelists, not by any means the most numerous class, who are better provided with material to talk about than with knowledge of the art of talking about it. The interest of the book is spread over too wide a period and too large a body of *dramatis personæ*, so that at the close it dwindles away, and subsides into nothing, like the river that Cyrus punished for taking liberties with his sacred horses. When a book has its main story cast in the year 1816, little good comes of dating the penultimate and ultimate chapters 1843 and 1868. Still less good perhaps comes of trying to keep up a co-ordinate interest in twenty different persons, even during the course of a year or two. This, however, is a fault of construction which Mr. Marshall may be expected to get the better of. The merits of his book are, it is to be hoped, merits of which he will continue to be master. We could dispense in any future publication of his with all but a modicum of his Lancashire dialect. There are many dialects from Land's End to John o' Groat's, and there are few of them which may not at a pinch serve to convey to a novel the envied and sought-after grace which is called local colour. But there is a certain intrinsic hideousness about the dialect of the districts between the Solway and the Mersey which seems to exclude it from use in any work of art. Mr. Marshall, however, is not absolutely ruthless with his jargon. He keeps it within bounds, and it only serves to convey a pleasant archaic touch to his style. He has, further, a pretty faculty of picturesqueness à la Kingsley, of which he makes good, but not too good, use, and these good gifts being joined to a very tolerable aptitude for character-drawing, constitute an equipment for novel-writing which a good many of his compeers, male and female, are very far from possessing. What he has to look to in the future is the necessity of striking out and maintaining some definite main interest in his story. Round this main interest the novelist may group as many subordinate interests as he can manage to get into the canvas. But he must not forget that the main interest is the main interest, and that the others must be kept in the background.

A pleasant indifference to the unity of place presides over Mr. Marshall's arrangement of his plot. He takes us to Leeds and to Borrowdale, to Manchester, and to a district which may be presumed to be somewhere about the Vale of Wensley, to the coast of Norway, and the hilly ground that parts the counties of Stafford and Derby. But his headquarters are at Chadwick Fold, a place which, without impertinence, may be set down on the map somewhere between Rochdale and Bury. His story opens at the time that machine-weaving in large factories began, immediately after the great war, to be a grievance to the home weavers, who then, as they still do in the Norman valleys, engrossed most of the trade. This dissatisfaction was enhanced by the agitation for Parliamentary reform, an agitation which, but for the French Revolution, the wisdom of Pitt would probably have nipped in the bud thirty years before. The opening of the story shows us a Hampden Club, largely attended by the Chadwickites of all classes, but divided by a radical difference of aim. One party, egged on by a Government spy and his myrmidons, is for frame-breaking and mill-burning and general revolution; the other for constitutional reform. This theme is complicated by the private differences of two of the chief families of the village. The principal mill has for manager a certain Meller, who is, though he knows it not, the heir of a wealthy family in the Yorkshire dales. He is, without at all intending it, at daggers drawn with his neighbour John Swires, a pigheaded yeoman who has a notion that the mill folk drive his cattle to the pound, and revenges himself by a very illegal but not unnatural diversion of the stream which furnishes the mills with their motive power. Of course the younger generation of these belligerent families fail to share the antipathies of their elders. Alf Swires is much in love with Mary Meller, while Mary's sister Margaret is a young person of unamiable character, and the chief mischief-maker of the story. The main incident of a somewhat complicated narrative is the attack on the mills, which is planned and executed by the Luddites, and which would have succeeded but for the heroic conduct of Alf Swires and a certain pair of brethren named Andrew and Tom Heron, the first of whom is a Nonconformist preacher, and the last a workman untroubled by political or religious fancies. The second incident is the engagement of Arthur Meller (who is furious with the powers that be, owing to the attentions paid to his sister by a libertine lieutenant of cavalry) with the unfortunate

* *Monseil Digby*. By W. Marshall. 3 vols. London: Remington. 1880.

"Blanketeers"—tragic Lancashire malcontents who set out with a petition from Manchester to London, and dwindle down to some half-dozen before they get half through Staffordshire. But, as has been hinted already, the interest diverges and branches off into all manner of byways. The fugitive Luddites, after they have been dispersed by the resistance at the mills and the coming up of a troop of cavalry, are attended to in their journeyings with the most minute care. They are followed up into hiding-places where misbehaving farmers are wont to distil unhallowed whisky; into the depths of the Cumberland vales, where they fly for shelter; into the New Bailey at Manchester; into men-of-war, where they take refuge on the ancient principle of sitting near the chimney when it smokes. The various spies and evil agents are also pursued in an exemplary manner by poetical justice. One of them is drowned in the Aire, a fate which probably in 1820 lacked some of the unspeakable horror which would attend it sixty years later. Another has his chest crushed in by a providential piece of slag launched from the hand of the virtuous minister he is trying to murder. Another gets off with a sound rope's-ending from the men he has betrayed and swindled, while the chief of all the criminals ends his days as a Russian nobleman. In short, Mr. Marshall seems to be tainted with that *maladie de vouloir tout dire* which expert French critics have justly indicated as a besetting evil of English literary craftsmen.

At the same time, it would be a very great mistake not to recognize in *Monell Digby* the promise of much good work to come. We have as yet said nothing of the eponymous hero, who is a "kewitt," otherwise curate, and not one of the least remarkable of his kind. He takes the part of the reformers, of course temperately, and is rewarded somewhat prematurely, according to our experience of Lancashire folk, with their confidence and affection. But perhaps the best character in the book, though certainly the vilest, is the subordinate spy, Squire Baron. Like many other Lancashire men—for it may not be generally known that every Lancashire man is first cousin to a peer, or something of that sort—he is the representative of a family of gentle blood. But the individual blood of Mr. Squire Baron is in the highest degree ungente. He has at the opening of the story allowed his brother to be imprisoned and condemned on a charge of poaching, of which he himself is guilty; he is in the habit of brutally kicking and beating his mother; he is only restrained in this pastime by the praiseworthy custom of a neighbour, who thrashes him within an inch of his life when he performs these feats, and he is in the pay of the arch spy and *boutefeu* of the neighbourhood. After the outbreak of Chadwick Fold he engages for a time in the amiable trade of hunting up his accomplices and betraying them to justice. Then he migrates to Leeds and engages in the humbler occupation of alternately thieving and turning evidence on thieves, while he is such a dull scoundrel that his employers and partners usually levant with the wages of his unrighteousness. At last the vengeance of a girl, one of whose friends he has betrayed, comes upon him, and he is flung by his associates into the Aire.

Monell Digby is an out-of-the-way novel in more ways than one, and it is not very easy to divine from it how far the author would be likely to succeed if he tried a less complicated subject, and abstained from crowding his canvas with characters impossible to dispose of in the ordinary course of business. His besetting sin seems to us to be a striving after a certain quaintness and dry humour, the secret of which he has not as yet mastered. At the same time it is only fair to him to say that, if we sometimes fail to laugh with him, we seldom feel inclined to laugh at him, and that his command of pathos is very considerable. The mental agonies of the preacher Andrew Heron, who half against his will has resisted his would-be murderers even unto slaying, and has subsequently helped to organize a more extended resistance, which results in many more deaths, are exceedingly well managed. A false note in such a passage is sufficient to make it ludicrous, instead of affecting, and Mr. Marshall has always escaped the commission of the false note. Perhaps he is, on the whole, less successful with his women than with his men. Novelists are only too prone to tell us that their feminine creations are charming, instead of making them so, as naval idiom has it. But, after all, there is in this book such a fund of actual observation, and of representation which is in consequence true to nature, that it is impossible to do otherwise than recommend it. The reader may take it for granted that his interest will not flag until he has got well into the third volume, and of not many novels can this be said. On the other hand, the singularities of description and dialogue which *Monell Digby* contains are so many that it is not a book merely to be skimmed for the story, which is indeed too complicated to be got at by any process of skimming. We do not recommend Mr. Marshall to contract his plan with any reference to skimmers; but we do think that he would, on a more moderate scale, find better opportunity of displaying the undoubted powers of narrative, character-drawing, and miscellaneous reflection which he possesses.

MINOR NOTICES.

M. R. JULIAN HAWTHORNE has written a somewhat curious preface to his two volumes of short stories (1). He begins with this statement:—"Conciseness, as distinguished from mere

brevery, is a literary virtue; and the novelist who can and will pack his stories into the smallest space compatible with the adequate development of his idea, deserves especially well of his readers." The reason for this gratefulness expected on the part of readers is that the writer "has a twofold temptation to do otherwise." In the first place, according to Mr. Hawthorne's view, which we can readily believe to be correct, "diffuseness is easy to the writer." In the second place, diffuseness pays better than compactness. In spite, however, of these and other objections, "short story-writing is a branch of the literary art worth cultivating, if only to confirm the fact that many stories which now appear long would, if honestly written, turn out as short as the shortest." Against this we have nothing to say; and, perhaps, having said this much, the author might have refrained from making further apologies or excuses for the stories which he has collected in two volumes. They were written, he tells us, "some long ago, some recently." "No writer who values his art will permit himself to produce work which (at the time at least) he would desire to see forgotten." As a writer grows older he detects imperfections in his younger work, and may feel inclined to blot it all out. On the other hand, he may not be the best judge, and "there is a faculty of youth as well as a faculty of maturity." All these reasons might, one would think, suffice to excuse Mr. Hawthorne for publishing five short stories; but he has got another and final one to produce. "It may furthermore be remarked that stories contributed (as all of the present collection have been) to magazines are liable, except in special cases, to pass out of the author's control; whence it can happen that material which he himself might feel inclined to reject may nevertheless make its appearance upon the responsibility of other judges. It only remains for him in that case to hope that the public will not see with his eyes." It must be admitted that Mr. Hawthorne's position in this matter is a little puzzling. He starts by saying that readers ought to be grateful for short stories, because it is very good of authors not to be tiresomely diffuse. He goes on to imply that he himself does not think very highly of the short stories which he presents to a presumably grateful public. He then reflects that there may be more in them than he thinks, and he concludes by giving us to understand that, after all, it is not his fault that they are published—he has, we may conceive, had "greatness thrust upon him." Whether the five stories are worth all this explanation is of course an open question. The first, which gives its name to the two volumes, "Ellice Quentin," has for a time a strange, if shadowy, resemblance to M. Turgeneff's admirable study "Smoke"; but it ends with an ill-conceived and clatrap catastrophe to which such a writer as M. Turgeneff could never descend. The second, "The Countess's Ruby," is a vapid account of how a man is tricked into believing himself the object of a girl's affection, and regarding her kindness to a second and younger man as a blind, while in fact the position is the reverse of what he takes it to be. The personages of the story are supposed to talk to each other for the most part in French, and the author has added tiresomeness to his tale by giving, or trying to give, the literal English translation of French phrases. With what skill and correctness he carries out this poor device, a few sentences may show:—

"I am not as the French, not even as the Russians; like my mother, I am Circassian; yes, I am more Circassian than she instead of less."

"I believe it well. But later you left this chateau—you travelled?"

"I have been to many places and seen much society, and I have learned to behave *comme il faut* and to speak the French."

Of the remaining stories, "The New Endymion" is perhaps the most original, and it must be added, the most nonsensical; while "Kildurm's Oak," which has a kind of *fauz air* of the great Hawthorne's style, has some good passages, but is ill managed and ends weakly. Both this and "The New Endymion" show in different degrees that Mr. Julian Hawthorne does not appreciate the difference between beautiful, if fantastic, imagination and merely puerile extravagance.

There is a certain pleasure in turning from Mr. Hawthorne's sickly attempts at dabbling in the supernatural to our old friend Grimm (2), though the stories appear under a ridiculous title, and have been needlessly "newly translated." The translation is here and there of a novel enough character. For instance, in the story of "A Good Bargain," we find a dog crying to the countryman laden with meat, "Was, was, was!" and a footnote informs us that this means "That, that!"

In the same Series which includes the new version of Grimm appears, as is fitting, a complete edition of the works of the writer who is responsible for the absurd title already referred to (3).

Halifax, in the days when the districts from which England draws her chief mineral wealth, and where she puts forth the most energetic manufacturing enterprise, were almost pathless moorlands, swamps, and woods, was a little but proud local capital, and its neighbourhood can still display a picturesque and curious collection of specimens of Tudor and Jacobean domestic architecture. Mr. Leyland has given us, in twenty-five lithographs, views—interior or exterior—of as many such buildings, with short illustrative letterpress (4). The absence of measured details or plans, and the exclusive principle which has dictated that of no

(2) *Excelsior Series*.—Household Stories. Collected by the Brothers Grimm. Newly Translated. London and New York: Routledge & Sons.

(3) *Excelsior Series*.—The Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Author's Complete Edition. London: Routledge & Sons.

(4) *Views of Ancient Buildings illustrative of the Domestic Architecture of the Parish of Halifax*. By John Leyland. Halifax: Leyland & Son.

(1) *Ellice Quentin; and other Stories*. By Julian Hawthorne. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

mansion shall both the exterior and interior appear, of course deprive the book of scientific value to the architect. But it is a pleasant and interesting contribution to popular archaeology, and may help to save more than one structure that would otherwise moulder away unknown and neglected.

Mr. Taylor's little book (5) is the record of many tours in England, in Normandy, and in Belgium. He has roamed in a wise spirit, noting small things as well as great, and gives the results of his wanderings in a pleasant, gossiping way, and with no lack of illustrations.

Dr. A. T. Lee is early in the field with a *précis* of the new Burials Act accompanying the text of the measure (6). The details which he offers to the clergy about the measure are clear and practical, and his advice as to the spirit with which they should work the new enactment is marked with much moderation and good sense.

The Social Science Association's record of the proceedings of the Manchester meeting last year forms a bulky volume of more than eight hundred closely printed pages (7). As is customary at these annual gatherings, the range of subjects is bewildering in its extent and variety, and the recent addition of a department of Art has considerably increased the perplexity. The Bishop of Manchester, in his opening address as President, could not forbear the inquiry, "What has Fine Art to do with Social Science?" and he failed to find a satisfactory answer. When we say that the questions discussed included sewage irrigation and water supply, gipsy children, the sanitary properties of the eucalyptus, air pollution, phonetic spelling, copyright law, charitable endowments, the new Prisons Act, the movement for the enfranchisement of women, international coinage, the marriage laws of the United Kingdom and the desirableness of their assimilation, the decoration of public buildings, the drama as a moral teacher, and the treatment of lunacy—these subjects forming not more than a fourth of the whole—we shall have conveyed some idea of the heterogeneous materials which engaged the attention of the amateur legislators at Manchester. It must be reluctantly confessed that there are few papers in the volume of conspicuous ability or permanent value. The address of Sir Travers Twiss, as President of the Jurisprudence Department, is an able review of the several problems of international law which still press for settlement; and Lord Reay's address in the Economy and Trade section is a fresh and valuable contribution to our knowledge of the land question. Lord Reay, who is a Liberal in politics, will perhaps be regarded as holding conservative views in relation to the tenure of land. But they are at any rate shrewd and full of common sense, and are based upon an intimate acquaintance with the French and Prussian systems as well as with our own. We know of no better account in a brief space of the difficulties and defects of the French system. After describing several characteristic types of French proprietors, Lord Reay comes to the conclusion, in the first place, that the antagonism between *grande* and *petite* culture is misleading; and, secondly, that, in an economic sense, the French system is not successful. It does not offer any guarantees for the application of adequate capital to the land, for agricultural knowledge, or for the quick appreciation of the demands of the market, which are the vital requirements of agriculture in our time. Our own system, with some judicious reforms, is more likely to be readily adapted to the needs of the present hour. "English reforms," says Lord Reay, "are evolutionary, not revolutionary; the future of English agriculture depends upon the enlightened action of landlords and tenants." He does not believe that wise landlords and efficient tenants are to be manufactured by Act of Parliament. The whole of this thoughtful address, with its sensible suggestions and moderate counsels, is well worth reading, and it seems a pity that it should be buried away in a volume which few people will see and still fewer read.

Messrs. Smith and Elder's *édition de luxe* of *Romola* (8) is, as might have been expected, a triumphant exposition of what can be done in the way of beautiful printing and getting-up. Some of the illustrations have, it need hardly be said, wonderful insight and beauty; the figure in the treatment of which Sir Frederick Leighton is, as a rule, least happy being, unfortunately perhaps, that of *Romola* herself. The edition is one which will be the delight of book collectors, although it will perhaps hardly commend itself to the mere book reader.

M. Jules Verne is not at his best in the book which is translated under the title of *The Tribulations of a Chinaman* (9). Some of the adventures through which he takes his personages are exciting enough, and there are gleams here and there of his peculiar humour; but success seems, in this instance at least, to have made him utterly reckless as to even the topsy-turvy kind of consistency which he has hitherto managed to preserve, as a rule, in the wildest of his stories. The end of the book is in every way

disappointing. We do not quarrel with it for being improbable, but for being improbable in a commonplace way, which is unworthy of the author's invention, and for leaving entirely unexplained many circumstances which cry loudly for explanation. Both the translator's and the illustrator's share in the work may be commended.

Dr. Stainer's little work on Composition (10), which is "a collection of hints both to masters and pupils as to the course which should be pursued in the first steps towards the art of Composition," is throughout clear and to the purpose. Dr. Stainer has, it seems to us, done very well, not only as regards what he has written, but as regards what he has purposely omitted—"any concise or definite rules on modulation." He seems to us to be right in thinking it better that modulation "should be learned in the process of harmonizing melodies than by 'short-cuts' committed to memory." The difference between the two systems is, briefly, that between real learning and mere cramming.

The same publishers issue a handy and useful *Dictionary of Musical Terms*, arranged by Mr. Ross from Messrs. Stainer and Barrett's (11) larger work.

From Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. we have also octavo editions of Handel's *Samson* and of Cherubini's *Second Mass* in D Minor, two Bach Pianoforte Albums, edited by Berthold Tours; an excellent edition, for which also M. Tours is responsible, of Beethoven's Choral Symphony (No. 9), and three sets of Voluntaries for the Harmonium, arranged by Mr. J. W. Elliott.

There is a curious and not unpleasing old-fashioned flavour about Mr. Arthur Mills's story of a contested election (12) before the days of the Ballot Act. One can predict more or less what kind of business will go on in a town called Shamboro, which contains a firm called Messrs. Catchum and Pinchum; and one can also guess that the hero and heroine will in the end get over their troubles and be happily married. There is a certain relief in finding a story thus simply and plainly told, without any striving after perplexities or entanglements; and the reader who takes up *Blues and Buffs* will probably lay it down with a certain liking for Mr. Greville and his bride.

A second edition, which is also the first published in England, to which an index has been added, has appeared of Mr. Justice Innes's *Digest of the English Law of Easements* (13).

Messrs. Freeth and Wallace have arranged a new edition of Mr. Trevor's *Taxes on Succession* (14), the publishers having felt that, in view of the changes and numerous decisions since the last edition, the time had come for the revision of the original work.

Mr. Peile's little volume (15) is one which should be useful. He has aimed at providing a practical work on the subject of the Beer-tax for the guidance of brewers generally, and he has thought that, pending the consolidation of the law of excise duties understood to be in contemplation, the subject of the enactments as to excise licences to retail intoxicating liquors might be advantageously combined with the subject of the Beer tax. The volume contains directions to malt-traders as to obtaining allowances, an appendix of forms, statutes, and directions issued to excise officers, and has a well-arranged index.

A revised edition has appeared of Mr. Gladstone's Scotch speeches (16), and it is, no doubt, as well that such remarkable utterances should be preserved together for the sake of future reference.

The present volume of the new edition of Miller's *Elements of Chemistry* (17) has been almost entirely rewritten by Messrs. Armstrong and Groves. The rapid development of the branch of chemical science here treated of has rendered this necessary, the attempt to merely re-arrange and enlarge the work having soon been abandoned as hopeless.

Messrs. Cassell publish the Calendar (18) for the current year of Trinity College, London. A map prefixed to the volume shows the large number of branches and local centres established in the United Kingdom in connexion with the College.

(10) *Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers*. Edited by Dr. Stainer. *Composition*. By John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc., Oxon. London: Novello, Ewer, & Co. Boston, New York, and Philadelphia: Ditson & Co.

(11) *Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Musical Primers*. Edited by Dr. Stainer. *A Dictionary of Musical Terms*. By J. Stainer and W. S. Barrett. (Compressed from the Imperial Octavo Edition by K. M. Ross.) London: Novello, Ewer, & Co. Boston, New York, and Philadelphia: Ditson & Co.

(12) *Blues and Buffs: a Contested Election and its Results*. By Arthur Mills. (Republished from "Fraser's Magazine.") London: Longmans & Co.

(13) *A Digest of the English Law of Easements*. By Mr. Justice Innes, one of the Judges of Her Majesty's High Court of Judicature, Madras. Second Edition. London: Stevens & Sons.

(14) *Trevor's Taxes on Succession: a Digest of the Statutes and Cases (including those in Scotland and Ireland) relating to the Probate, Legacy, and Succession Duties*. Third Edition. Rearranged and revised by Evelyn Freeth and R. J. Wallace. London: Stevens & Sons.

(15) *A Handy-Book of the Law relating to Brewers, the Beer-tax, and Excise Liquor Licences, as contained in the Inland Revenue Act, 1880*. By Clarence John Peile, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Waterlow Brothers & Layton.

(16) *Political Speeches in Scotland*. November and December 1879. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. Revised Edition. Edinburgh: Elliot.

(17) *Elements of Chemistry, Theoretical and Practical*. By William Allen Miller, M.D., &c. Revised, and in great part rewritten, by Henry E. Armstrong and Charles E. Groves. Part III. Chemistry of Carbon Compounds, or Organic Chemistry. Fifth Edition. London: Longmans & Co.

(18) *Trinity College, London; the Calendar for the Academic Year 1880-81*. London: Cassell & Co.

(5) *Notes on Sketching Tours by an Architect* (Henry Taylor). London and Manchester: B. F. Batsford.

(6) *The New Burials Act: What it Does and What it Does Not Do*. By the Rev. Alfred T. Lee, LL.D. London: Church Defence Institution.

(7) *Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science.—Manchester Meeting, 1879*. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

(8) *Romola*. By George Eliot. With Illustrations by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

(9) *The Tribulations of a Chinaman*. By Jules Verne. Translated by Ellen E. Frewer. Illustrated by L. Bennett. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Major Walter, "as the first gazetted Field Officer of the Force organized in 1859 . . . has not hesitated to accept the requested duty of compiling an Historic and Incentive Manual of the Force now recognized by His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief as having become in every respect worthy of the nation" (19). It was Major Walter who raised the 4th Lancashire Artillery—"the first complete brigade or battalion of Volunteers raised under what may now be called the Volunteer army"—and there is thus an evident fitness in his being selected as the historian of the force which has reached its twenty-first year of embodiment. His volume is somewhat discursive, but contains a good deal of interesting matter, as well as a good deal which might have been advantageously omitted. A wild and hysterical outburst directed at France on page 264 is a salient example of the writer's want of perception and discretion when he is writing "out of his own head." This is closely followed by a very interesting and curious order issued by Lieutenant-Colonel Hope to the 1st Regiment of Royal Edinburgh Volunteers in 1803. The Colonel included in his directions not only excellent advice as to conduct in the field, but minute suggestions as to the best ways of avoiding the evil consequences of a wetting. He "earnestly recommends that no gentleman shall lie down to sleep while warm, or with wet feet; but, however fatigued, always take time to cool gradually, and to put on his dry stockings and shoes. In case of being very wet, it is highly useful to rub the body and limbs with spirits, warm, if possible, taking at the same time a mouthful, and not more, inwardly, diluted with warm water, if to be had. Gentlemen will see the propriety of not taking too much money with them. One or two guineas at most, partly in silver, will be sufficient." The work would, as we have hinted, be improved by the omission of a great many of the author's reflections; but these can no doubt be forgiven for the sake of the industry which he has shown in collecting interesting material from other sources.

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(21) *Charles Knight's Shakspeare.* London: Routledge & Son.

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Cologne Cathedral. Ireland and the Government.
France. Lord Justice Thesiger. The American Presidency.
English Newspapers. The United Kingdom Alliance.

The Book-Stealer.

The Churlish Temper. A Christmas Card Competition.
Life in the Banks. Cattle-Breeding Abroad. Permeat at Lons-le-Saulnier.
Hungarian Finance. *Mario Stuart* at the Court Theatre.
Newmarket Second October Meeting.

Sacred Books of the East.—The Institutes of Vishnu.

Love and Life. Nature's Byways.
Early Methodism. Hine's Nottingham Castle. Book Plates.
Monsell Digby. Minor Notices.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,303, OCTOBER 16, 1880:

Ministerial Responsibility in Ireland—France—Mr. Gladstone and the Porte—Corrupt Boroughs—The Basuto War—Colonel Gordon and Egypt—More Social Science—Trade in September.

Promising Young Men—College Expenses—The Alps in Autumn—The Famine Commission on the Progress of India—Popularity—Scottish Salmon-Fishing—Family Burial-Places—The Theatres—The Cesswreth.

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SHORT NOTICES.

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